



EPB Supp/A J7.122/A

Fp, eightto, Shadcoloured  
plates by Thomas Rowlandson  
1807









New ECLIPSE for 1807 (not foretold by the Sagacious D<sup>r</sup> MOORE.)

*Drawn by W. Suckwell.*

*The Apoptosis of Kingd<sup>m</sup>*

*Engraved by W. Howd.*

*but Head Thyr-I-oh-oh-oh the Monarch of the Hospital*

TOPSY-TURVY.

TURND

MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE

THE

"OH !! OH !! OH !! OH !!"

"ALAS !!"

MELANCHOLY

28: MERRYMENT

MIRTH VERSUS MISERY.  
**THE**  
**PLEASURES OF HUMAN LIFE:**

*Investigated..... Cheerfully*  
*Elucidated..... Satirically*  
*Promulgated..... Explicitly*  
*Discussed..... and Philosophically.*

*in a DOZEN DISSERTATIONS on*

*MALE, FEMALE & NEUTER*  
**PLEASURES,**

*Interspersed with various ANECDOTES, and*  
*Expounded by numerous Annotations.*

*By Hilaris Benevolus & Co.*

*Fellows of the "London Literary Society of Lusinists."*



*"How I love to laugh - Never was a Weeper"*

**LONDON.**

Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orme, Paternoster Row.

February 1807.





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OF  
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|  |                   |
|--|-------------------|
| "Hence loathed Melancholy."                    | } MILTON.         |
| "Mirth admit me of thy crew."                  |                   |
| "Be gone dull care."                           |                   |
| "Ride, si sapis."                              | } C. DIBDIN, Jun. |
| "How I love to laugh,                          |                   |
| "Never was a weeper."                          |                   |
| "Pray let me laugh, good Sirs, I must, I will; | } P. PINDAR.      |
| "Indeed my laughing muscles won't lie still."  |                   |

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*Embellished with five Illustrative Etchings, and two  
HEAD-pieces.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,  
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1807.

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Printed by J. M<sup>c</sup>Creery,  
(Late of Liverpool)

Black-Horse-Court, Fleet Street, London.

John Burton  
F.P. 10/11/18  
A. 2

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## DEPRECATORY ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE EDITOR,\* to whom the various manuscripts which produced this volume were entrusted, hereby respectfully informs its readers in general, and those in particular who are *restlessly* curious about anonymous and *folly-flogging* Satyrists, that all enquiry concerning the names, situations, characters, and conditions of the authors (for it is written by several) will be fruitless, "*frivolous, and vexatious.*" These terms are not employed or applied in the same vague sense, as when used by a Committee of the House of Commons: for they are hereby meant to assert, that all *frivolous* queries will be *fruitless* in the result, and completely *vexatious* to the enquirer. Please to remember, good

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\* The Reader is referred to the end for a COPIOUS  
TABLE OF CONTENTS.



Mr. Inquisitor, that you have never ascertained the writer of Junius's letters, and that the author of the "Pursuits of Literature" is still snugly incog.; and I must now apprize you, that such a *singular mode* has been adopted in composing, mixing and arranging the following materials, that neither the printer, nor the *Devil* (we mean his Devil) knows by whom any particular part, or parts were written; and, in many instances, even the author of a particular page or pages will not be able to ascertain, or assert positively, how much of any dissertation was written by himself. Thus guarded and enveloped, the Editor deprecates all attempts at identification; and sincerely recommends those who *fancy* themselves aggrieved, to be *silent* and *tranquil*; for the opposite conduct will not only demonstrate their delinquency, but will render them obnoxious to *personal* reprobation. The Editor is directed by the Committee of "the London Literary Society of Lusorists" to make these remarks, because he is assured, that some *blockheads* will be tantalizingly querulous and inquisitive; and will also very sapiently implicate themselves, by adapting and applying some *particular* passages

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to their own *important* persons. To these he observes, that the satirical game-keeper, on the manors of Ignorance, Impudence, and Vice, will find ample employ for his fowling piece, in

“ Shooting *Folly* as it flies.”

And though he cannot hope to *destroy* all the coveys and flocks of that numerous species of game, yet; if he can frighten them *into cover*, or keep them in a proper state of fearful subjection, he fully discharges his duty.

The ignorant dolt and impudent knave are generally troubled with very sore and irritable consciences; and, like the “thief who *fancies* each bush an officer,” so these are apt to consider *that* satire as personally applied to them, which equally attaches, and was generally directed, to their whole tribe. Should any restlessly unfortunate mortal of this description adapt either of the following *fools-caps* to his own silly noddle, he certainly has full privilege to wear it: but should he jingle the bells in society so as to annoy the writer of this, or any

members of the London Literary Society of Lusorists, he may expect to have a larger cap made for him hereafter, which will be adorned with more attractive colours, and a greater number of *tell-tale* bells.

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### HUMOUR, WIT, AND SATIRE.

There is no species of writing so much a victim to the reader's caprice, as that which contains, or professes to contain, one or all of the above ingredients. The standard seems so mutable, and the dispositions and partialities of mankind are so infinitely various, that the writer and reader are left without any other criterion than their own fancies : and hence arise the endless disputes about the essential requisites to constitute either humorous, witty, or satirical writing. History, science, antiquities, voyages, and many other subjects of literary composition, are addressed to a certain class of readers; and these generally come to the banquet predisposed to be pleased and instructed: they are

also willing to concede a little to the writer, and grant him some indulgence. But a lusorical work is destined to encounter a different fate ; for, like a lively comedy, though all the audience laugh at and applaud nearly the whole piece, yet the fastidious critics, and dull spectators, will chiefly direct their attention and observations to the *weakest* or most *objectionable* passages. Thus a *satirical* work, like a *witty* play, though much read, and much talked about, will inevitably provoke the splenetic carplings of the snarling critic, and of the querimonious (*i. e.* strange, queer, odd, contemptible) reader ; each of whom, either endeavours systematically to nibble them to death, or hoot them from the stage of popularity. Ignorance, Arrogance, and Viciousness, are generally the most active agents, or rather *principals* in this pursuit ; because as these have rather tender consciences, and commonly pass through the busy walks of life with fear and *fox-like* suspicion, they cannot bear the lash of satire, or even the tickling feathers of wit and humour. While one inflicts on them a public flogging, the others are employed to

anoint their backs with essence of reprehension.

Much more could be said on the province of Satire in general, and of that in particular which may be found in this little volume, but

*"A word to the WISE is enough."*

H. BENEVOLUS.

## EMBELLISHMENTS,

IN the present state of literature are essential ingredients in the composition of books; because there are *many* persons who buy, and *look at* these merely to amuse the eye,—not to inform, or strengthen the mind. Willing to gratify this very *laudable* propensity and *refined* curiosity we have thought proper to *adorn* and *illustrate*\* this “elegant”† and “in-

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\* The insatiable, and *indiscriminating* rage of “ILLUSTRATING BOOKS” prevails to an alarming extent; and it is no uncommon thing for a *true illustrating collector*, to mangle, or castrate a dozen elegant volumes to enrich his own *unique* illustrated copy. The judicious admirer of elegant literature, has, however, the consolation to know that these *illustrious* veterans seldom *select* any prints or works, that are either beautiful, or intrinsically excellent; but] on the contrary, their “*Grangers*,” their “*Pennants*,” &c. are a sort of *waste-books*, where all kinds of engraved *trash* are chronologically pasted down, —as some tradesmen preserve bills of parcels and receipts

† Generous reader, pray pardon this apparent arrogance. Though we have employed these *ostentatious*

teresting" little volume with a few of these *eye-attractors*. Our embellishments are, however, very different to those in the generality of publications, for they are decidedly what they profess to be; therefore, not calculated to impose on, or deceive the purchaser and spectator. It would be most pleasant, could we say this of many other "elegant works," but it is lamentably the reverse: for there are many *designing* men, unfortunately calling *themselves* artists, who, like some methodist preachers, pay little regard to their text, though they religiously adhere to that part of the Mosaic law, which says, or implies, "thou shalt not *imitate* any thing in the heavens above," (this, however, we will defy even Mr. Fuseli, or his successful pupil and

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terms, they are merely *copied* from some eminent "*book manufactures*," and we do not wish you to believe one word either of *ours* or *theirs*, that implies, *self-praise*.—Be assured, sir, that wherever a book, or bookseller, is reduced to this degraded state, there must be a lack of merit or of honest modesty.



advocate, Mr. Blake,\* to do) “on the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth.”—Thus prohibited from copying *created* nature, some of these, *print designers* have a fair plea for substituting their *own creations* of fancy: and as these have no natural prototype, they baffle all criticism. Hence, *some designs* are called historical, and according to the boastful remarks of the drawer, are *inimitable illustrations* of the subject; by the same system, many Topographical and Antiquarian prints, are *said* to represent identical places, and things; and certain

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\* The former sublime artist exhibited a very *extraordinary* picture last year: and the editor of the Somerset-house catalogue, (which is certainly one of the *worst printed*, and *worst written pamphlets* of the present *refined* age) unluckily *misnamed* it “Count Vgolino.” The immortal and justly esteemed Sir Joshua, having painted a very interesting, and apposite picture of this subject, some diurnal critic, thought proper to compare the two performances, and was rather hard upon the late professor. Thus circumstanced, Mr. Blake couched his lance, and in the true quixotic style, attacked his and Mr. F’s anonymous adversary. An account of this rencontre may be seen in the Monthly Magazine; where the said Mr. B. endeavours to prove that the picture by Mr. F. is not only superior to that of Sir Joshua, but is, indeed, *superlatively excellent*!!!

Portraits are *asserted* to be faithful, correct, and *vigorous* likenesses of some great persons whose names are attached to them : Whereas, an impartial, and discriminating eye, looks in vain for any thing like *accuracy, truth, or nature* in these performances, and where such indispensable qualities are wanting, the man of true taste, and undaunted candour, declares that such designs are worse than useless;—they are deceptively injurious. Indeed, gentlemen, *Designers, Engravers and Publishers*, these things “cry aloud” for reformation!!

As for our own “elegant embellishments” they are not intended to *misrepresent*—any thing,—no, not even our own intentions; for as we are determined to be unequivocally candid, we declare that the designs were made from *Art*, not from *Nature*;—and if you, Mr. Reader, are caught by these *eye-traps*, so much the better.

Permit us to explain; our double title has certainly some novelty to recommend it; and to find out this, in the present ransacked state of book-making, is no very easy task. In that on the dexter side, we hail both friends, foes, and

strangers, with a *smiling countenance*,\* and however any of these grave personages may frown, fret, or criticise, we are determined not to unbend one risible muscle ; indeed, should *all* the artillery of *all* the literary *masked batteries*, yclept, reviews, be fired on us at once, we are firmly resolved to preserve the same good-humoured, cheerful countenance. This Democritus-sort of philosophy, is partly innate with us, partly acquired : and having *long* experienced its *enlivening* and *invigorating* power, we strongly recommend it to the study of the Testy, the Miserable, the Fretful, and the Fidgety families of Great Britain. For,

“ Life’s a jest, and all things shew it ;  
We *thought* so once, but now we *know* it.”

It was the invariable custom of the gentleman, whose face is represented in our title-page, to laugh at all those incidents, and occurrences in life, which the *Testys* and the *Sensitives* call

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\*We are indebted to the ingenious Mr. Cha. Bell, for permission to copy this *exquisitely laughable* head, from his recent interesting work, “ *The Anatomy of Expression*.”

“ *Miseries*.” To him they were themes of merriment, and thus disposed, he passed through the world, with ease to himself, and pleasantry to his intimate friends. If persons forced upon his ear, “ *Tales of Terror*,”—“ *Tales of Wonder*,”—“ *Sonnets to Sorrow*,”—or “ *Panegyrics on Solitude*,” he would jocularly exclaim in the lines of Peter Pindar,

“ Pray let me *laugh*, good sirs ; I must, I will—

Indeed, my laughing muscles won't lie still  
Unpolish'd in the supple schools of France,  
I cannot burst, to pleasure *complaisance*.

Care to our coffin, adds a nail, no doubt ;  
And every grin, so merry, draws one out :  
I own, *I like to laugh*, and hate to sigh ;

And think that risibility was given  
For human happiness, by gracious Heav'n,  
And that we came not into life to cry,  
To wear long faces, just as if our maker,  
'The God of Goodness, was an undertaker,  
Well pleas'd to wrap the soul's unlucky mien  
In *sorrow's dismal crape*, or bombasin.”

Yet there are persons of this *dismal* cast, as many can testify ; for the *growlers* and *groaners* generally exert, and employ their *amusing* talents, in diverting their neighbours and friends. To shew how *engagingly lovely*, their faces would appear on paper, we directed our

miniature painter, (who is not one of the *designing* artists) to take an accurate portrait of one of them from nature. This he punctually and satisfactorily performed, but so *curdlingly* sour was the countenance, we thought it most adviseable, to place it *topsy turvy*; that it might not stare any person in the face, but he who look'd for it. It was drawn with bat's wings, and near an eclips'd moon, as a *new design* for the Opera house, or Sadler's wells, whenever either of these intend to represent

“ The Apotheosis of the Miserable.”

As Great Britain, and we suppose some other countries, are infested with many of these ill-looking buzzing drones, it would be well if all nations would *agree* upon *one point*; (without fighting for it) that of *transporting* them to a region, far remote from civilized society: and, according to the descriptions of the much *renowned* Munchausen, there is no place among all the planets more calculated for such *deplorable patients* than the moon. That *veracious* traveller describes the Lunarians to be a

set of people, who walk about with their heads *under* their arms; and this mode will be particularly adapted to our *dismals*, because *their faces* will be much better in that situation, than when placed on their shoulders.

The five illustrative, commentary *Etchings*, do not require any verbal explication.

#### ERRATA.

THE Reader is particularly requested to correct an error in p. 157, for *species* read *genus*; and vice versa.

# HILARIS BENEVOLUS, & Co.

*To the Literary Public, GREETING.*

[Official Notice.]

## MIDDLESEX TO WIT.\* *WHEREAS*

We the undersigned have of our own *free will* † and consent, formed ourselves into a duly organized body, *society, club, or institution*, ‡

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\* Though this may be deemed *middling* wit, yet the most fastidious critic cannot disprove, that it has some *wit* in it, and therefore commencing thus *wittily in word*, it is hoped that we may end witty *indeed*. In a subsequent part, we shall prove that the language of the law abounds with wit.

† As man may impeach his “free agency,” unless he *thus* declares his sentiments, our Solicitor informs us the above phraseology is absolutely necessary.

‡ Though the profound Mrs. *Piozzi*, and the equally erudite Doctor *John Trusler*, have written very scientifically and shrewdly on synonymy, yet they have left the above terms, with many more, in sublime obscurity. The law, however, acts cautiously on these doubtful points, and, like a garrulous gossip, takes care to have a *sufficient number* of words to explain its meaning: a law to enforce brevity, would certainly *kill* the one and *ruin* the other. Perry's “Synonymous, Etymological, and Pronouncing Dictionary,” has lately been introduced to our society, and afforded much satisfaction on these and other similar points.



and have associated and united ourselves into a body corporate, for the avowed and ostensible purpose of examining, canvassing, and discussing the most *noted* and *popular* acts, deeds, and things, done, performed and committed in the British Metropolis. Every branch of *Literature*, the *Fine Arts*, and the *Sciences*, will demand our first, or primary consideration, and will constitute the leading subjects of our deliberations and discussions. Public Amusements, Fashionable Propensities, and all events of *Notoriety* will occasionally be canvassed and investigated. In furtherance of our views, we have thought it necessary, by and with the advice of council, to sketch out a plan of a Constitution, and adopt a *few*\* rules for the regulation of our establishment.

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\* On this subject, we had a long and warm dispute with the solicitor, who contended, argued, and indeed almost insisted, that *numerous* rules were absolutely and positively necessary. He referred to, and quoted a long string of *precedents*, and even adduced the authority of the British Parliament; which, he observed, could scarcely move or act without precedent. To these objections our Chairman candidly replied, that *honesty* and *sincerity* did not require even written laws, much less preceding authority, to enforce them to do their duty: and that concise simplicity was preferable to protracted ambiguity. Besides, he ob-

These we intended to publish with the first volume of our *Transactions* (like the “Literary

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served, that whenever man became entangled with a large, loose net of laws, he could not easily disengage himself without breaking some of the meshes!!!

Among numerous examples of official tautology, and circumlocutory phraseology, the following, from the newspapers, was adduced as a case in point, in which brevity, perspicuity, and simplicity, are *happily* blended:

“CITY, Borough, and Town of Westminster, in the County of Middlesex.—Notice is hereby given, that the Grand Jury for the said City and Liberty of Westminster did at the General Quarter Session of the Peace of our Lord the King, holden at the Guildhall, in King-street, Westminster, in and for the Liberty of the Dean and Chapter of the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, Westminster, the City, Borough, and Town of Westminster, in the County of Middlesex, and St. Martin’s le Grand, London, on Thursday, the 26th day of June, in the 45th year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord, George the Third, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, present the Gaol for the said City and Liberty, situate in Tothill-fields, for the Insufficiency and Inconveniency thereof; and that it is the intention of his Majesty’s Justices of the Peace for the said City and Liberty, to take the same into consideration at the next General Quarter Session of the Peace, to be holden for the said City and Liberty, at the Guildhall aforesaid. By the Court, T.—W.—V.

“Clerk of the Peace.”

and Philosophical Society of Manchester," and some other learned institutions); but, after mature deliberation, it was voted that this measure should be postponed till a future opportunity.

*Given under our hands and seals,  
this first day of January, in  
the year of our Lord one thousand  
eight hundred and seven.*

HILARIS BENEVOLUS, D. C. C.

SIMON SPECIFIC, M. M. D.

DAVID DEMURRER, L. L. D.

PROFESSOR PLAYFAIR, F. A. S.

CHRISTOPHER CHEERFUL, P. M. P.

PHILO DRAMATICUS, F. T. I.

LUCINDA LIBERAL.

CAROLINE CANDID.

JOHANNES IRONICUS.

AMELIA LIVELY.

SAMUEL SARCASM.

P. S. For reasons which we hope every intelligent lady will approve, we have admitted a few of that sex into our society: and are experimentally convinced, that the company of the virtuous, cheerful, and enlightened female, is not only necessary to render society interesting, but that it tends to polish, vivify, delight, and improve the mental and corporeal constitution of man.

"Oh, woman! lovely woman! Nature made you

To temper man; we had been brutes without you."

*Otway's Ven. Pres.*

SUCH is the official notice of a *newly-established society*, the title and purport of which may awaken curiosity in some minds. In addition to what has already been announced on this head, we shall briefly observe, that

A few individuals, who are particularly attached to literature, the fine arts, the sciences, &c. have occasionally associated, for the express purpose of interchanging opinions on, and freely discussing, these subjects. Though we have not yet obtained a charter of incorporation, like the *Royal and London Institutions*, &c. nor are nationally provided with premises, like the *Royal and Antiquarian Societies*, and though we have not erected a repository, library-rooms, &c. like the Society for the Encouragement of Arts in London, the Athenæum at Liverpool, the Portico,\* at Manchester, &c. yet we have all these, and much greater objects in *contemplation*. But, as great undertakings must have a certain length of time for their accomplish-

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\* Courteous and sagacious reader, could you even conjecture that by this appellation the Gothamites of Manchester mean to designate a handsome and spacious building appropriated to a news-room, book-room, &c.?

ment, we shall first send forth a few lucubrations, and thereby endeavour to ascertain the momentum of the public pulse:\* if this indicates strong symptoms of curiosity or agitation, then a few of our *grand plans* shall be hereafter properly announced, and candidly submitted to public inspection.

Our weekly meetings have hitherto been held at each other's habitations successively: and associating to please and improve ourselves, we have always found the time usefully and agreeably occupied. All the novelties of the intervening week are progressively brought under review, registered in the minute book, and fairly and impartially canvassed. Those of a useful or interesting nature, are particularly recorded in the journal, and the president inscribes his opinion of them with red ink. The various gradations from those, to such as are intolerably bad, are specified in letters, and with colours of

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\* Many magnanimous schemes have failed from the unbridled eagerness of the projectors. We could particularize several; but the recent "*Annuity Plan*," will exemplify our remark, and ought to serve as a beacon to other adventurers in the same seas.

graduated sizes and tints calculated to define the relative character of each. Thus, by the end of the year 1807, we may have a copious, definite, and specific

*“ Annual Register of every public Species of Notoriety.”*

Every member is to produce, in rotation, a dissertation, dialogue, poem, or some other literary essay, which is to be read on each meeting night: and a selection from these is occasionally to be published.

In conformity to this article, we now submit the first volume of our lucubrations to the decision of a *discerning*\* public: but shall certainly never trouble it with a second, unless this be fully approved. The origin of the present will be explained in

*The First Report of Dr. Specific.*

“ In compliance with the unanimous request

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\* Gentle reader, please to remember that *you* are included in this class.

of our society, I now lay before its members a few observations on the epidemia which has lately prevailed in our metropolis, and which has threatened to annihilate all the *pleasantries of life*.

“ When a mental or corporeal disorder becomes epidemical, it is high time to seek for an antidote to check its disseminating influence. Some of our very cunning ancestors resorted, in this case, to a *charm*, or an *abacus logisticus*.\* As the body politic, the body corporate, and corporeal-body are all alike subject to influenza, the state physician and medical professor should endeavour to check the first approaches of contagion. If human life be attacked by *miseries*, (the most desperate and perplexing of all disorders), the patient is rendered indifferent about existence; or drags through life, a galling chain of woe. The disorder now under consideration, I find has spread to a considerable extent; and was prevalent at many of the fashionable bathing places last autumn, and in most populous cities.

“ Though denominated “ *Miseries*,” its symp-

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\* See Cyclopædia, &c.



among monarchs and nobles, who are fairly entitled to exemption. Dr. Johnson and the late Mr. Sheridan were both pensioned by his present Majesty; and Dermody,\* with some others, have found a benevolent benefactor in the Earl of Moira. But these rare instances of liberality are not sufficient to screen from just contempt such mock Mecænases as Lord Chesterfield, Horace Walpole, my Lord ———, the Hon. Mr. ———, &c. who claim the homage due to the patrons of literature, without manifesting that ingenuous liberality of conduct towards the sons and daughters of learning, as fairly entitle them to this honourable distinction.

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\* This wild, indiscreet, ungrateful man, with the eccentric and despicable Moreland, and the equally contemptible Anthony Dasquin, are lamentable examples of prostituted talent. In them, the follies and vices of the men overpower, and destroy, every sentiment of respect that their genius may excite. FAITHFUL memoirs of such characters, would be valuable presents to the juvenile author and artist, and might usefully display the dangers, and inevitable disgrace, that ever attend on flagrant indiscretion.

After all, Gentlemen, it is to you that the author is to look for permanent and certain reward, commensurate to his talents; and were it not for your discreet patronage, the Muses would droop their heads, the lyre of Apollo would remain unstrung, and you would not have been *troubled to read so much* from

Your friend and advocate,

FRANK PLAYFAIR.

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“\* Bravo! cries Mr. Ironicus; surely this must secure the interest of all the *respectable* booksellers: and every tradesman in *this line* will anxiously promote the sale of a book, wherein he becomes so pleasantly interested. The work must inevitably find its way into the *Windows*, on the *Counters*, and into the *STUDIES* of every active, spirited, literary, and prudent *Bibliopolist* in Great Britain: and that bookseller who objects to, or repels the “Pleasures of Human Life,” will prove himself a “*drone*.”

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## PREFACE,

AN

## INTRODUCTION,

OR AN

## INTERLOCUTORY DISSERTATION.



THOUGH breathing the dull fogs of November, it is our duty, as well as inclination, to be cheerful ; and whilst we can preserve this temperament of spirits, we hope to communicate a little of its influence to our readers. Having commenced a short journey together, it may be mutually advantageous to unbend a little, to shake off some of that cold forbidding reserve which so generally characterizes the English ; and communicate sentiments with the freedom and familiarity of old acquaintance. Though we have the first possession of the stage coach, and though we have positively engaged to travel

the whole journey, yet you are not equally bound. You can leave the machine and us, when you please; at the first, second, or third stage: or, indeed, at any intermediate baiting-place:—you will remember, however, that you must pay the whole fare. If you keep us company, we will endeavour to prove to you, not very sermonically perhaps, that if all the *public roads, bye roads, cross-roads, and footpaths* of life, are not strewed with roses, and lined with sweet-briars, yet each of these thoroughfares may be safely and comfortably travelled, if we choose to exercise, discretionally, our eyes, ears, and understandings. The headstrong fellow, who spurs his nag heedlessly through every avenue, and is constantly breaking over the prescribed boundaries of prudence and propriety, must necessarily scratch his nose sometimes, bespatter his apparel, or be thrown in the mud. He, indeed, seems to be on the high turnpike-road to misery. But the prudent and pleasant traveller, occasionally turns a little to the right or left, to avoid a deep rut, “looks before he leaps,” enquires at the cross-roads which is the best and safest, and cheerfully joins in familiar chat with every fellow-traveller. He is con-





stantly looking after, and pointing out beautiful prospects, or descanting on the endless delights unfolded by variegated nature. Indeed, he looks forward with a smiling confidence for the termination of his journey, in the healthful and delightful city of Rational Pleasure.

*Cornelius Crabtree* was one of the former description. His maxim was never to care for himself, or for any body else. This torpid carelessness, however, involved him in numberless difficulties, and led him into various "hair breadth 'scapes." Walking, one day, through a back street, in the neighbourhood of Houndsditch, London, and, though not "meditating on things *above*," he absolutely dived into things *below*; for the trap-door of a cellar\* being invitingly open, he soused into a tub of warm suds, and nearly smothered the poor washerwoman in her own lather. "Lord a' Mighties *shave* your honours," cried the Jewess, "vhat vill Mr. Mordecai shay?" "*Go to the Devil and shake yourself*," bawl'd a ballad singer in the street. This is only one among

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\* This is one of the *great* miseries of London, and demands the interference of magistrates.



numberless disasters that befel this heedless and headstrong being; for being naturally of a pig-gish and goosish disposition, he neither profited by experience, nor sought for wisdom: he constantly abused all schoolmasters, tutors, latin, and learning; "for education," he used to say, "is one of the fooleries of life, and was invented to pervert the operations of nature. But for the constant exercise of the rod, I am positive there would be no such a stupid thing as learning; and hadn't this tickle-breech been freely employed on me, I should have lived in clover, and died in down." "You're quite right," said *Mamaluke Miserable*; "the flog-gation of tutors begins to annoy us in infancy, and every *stage* of life is hung on crazy springs, and destined to travel over *holy* roads. Besides wheel-ruts, hills, and mud, the highways and low-ways are lined with nettles, thistles, briars, thorns, and hemlock. In short, plagues, pestilence, and pigs, are before, behind, and all around us. There's no one luxury in life, but speaking, and that I'll indulge in." Such are the sentiments, and such is the groaning, growling language of the Don Dismals and Monsieur Mopers of life. Unhappy in themselves, they tend to make

others uncomfortable ; and, like carcase-butchers, tallow-chandlers, and soap-makers, they may properly be classed among the nuisances of civilized life. While the professions of the latter assail and annoy the olfactory nerves, the practices of the former are constantly tantalizing our ears, and wounding our feelings.

A celebrated writer has observed, that “ there are few incidents in life so happy, that the imprudent will not, by their misconduct, render of less advantage to them ; and that there are seldom any events so unfortunate, from which the prudent will not derive some benefit. Like the bee, therefore, we should endeavour to extract honey from the meanest weed, and not, like the spider, suck poison from the sweetest and most wholesome flower.

“ A person who, either from nature or from habit, has a disposition to be pleased, diffuses a kind of sunshine of happiness on all around him. Numerous are the topics that occur to him, which are overlooked by the majority of the world : such as the return of spring, the verdure of that sweet season, with the bloom

bloom of opening flowers, a bright sky, a moonlight night, with a hundred other nameless delights, which are daily present to a mind not corrupted by what Mr. Addison calls fantastical pleasures.”\*

Instead, therefore, of

“ Hunting, with hound-like nose,  
Into that hornet’s nest, a hive of woes,”

It would certainly be more conducive to our own worldly felicity to smile at the past, be contented with the present, and hope for the future. “The most nauseous drug,” says Doctor Specific, “will not taste very offensive, if the palate be honied with the hope of relief: and that man suffers amputation of a leg or an arm with pleasing resignation, who is convinced that he thereby preserves life. There is no *real* misery but what results from bodily pain; and *hope* and *fortitude* have laid in a large chest of medicines, even for the cure, or mitigation of this. Those beings who are afflicted with that miserable disorder called the *Itch of Temper*, are almost incurable: and, when I am a legis-

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\* Walker’s Themes, or Essays.

lator, I will certainly bring a bill into the House to relieve populous cities, such as London, &c. from the *mischievous*, the *miserable*, and the *melancholy*\*, by appropriating certain *inclosed* squares in the outskirts of towns, for these, with coffin-makers, dyers, trunk-joiners, tallow-boilers, soap-makers, and nightmen; for we may well exclaim in the language of prayer, ‘ from *such nuisances*, good Lord deliver us!’

“ In the following work,” continues Dr. Specific, we shall prepare a few compositions for  
 Alleviating human calamities,  
 Mitigating misfortunes,  
 Allaying the swellings of sorrow,  
 Smoothing the wrinkled brows of care,  
 and administering an  
 Antidote to melancholy mopings.

Indeed, we are solicitous to exemplify and elucidate the maxim of *Peter Pindar*, that

“ Man may be happy if he will!”

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\* A plague take all such grumbling elves,  
 If they will rail, so be it;  
 Because we’re happier than themselves,  
 They can’t endure to see it.

DIBDIN.

Should you, Mr. Gregory Grumble, dispute the maxim of the poet, pray attend to the reasonings of the moral philosopher: to the good-natured and good-humoured Goldsmith. He says—"To enjoy the *present*, without regret for the past, or solicitude for the future, has been the advice rather of poets than of philosophers, and yet the precept seems more rational than is generally imagined. It is the only general precept respecting the pursuit of happiness that can be applied with propriety to every condition of life."

"*The man of pleasure, the man of business, and the philosopher, are equally interested in its disquisition. If we do not find happiness in the present moment, in what shall we find it? Either in reflecting on the past, or prognosticating the future.*"—*Citizen of the World.*

In another part of the same inestimable work, this engaging writer observes, "that *positive* happiness is constitutional, and incapable of increase; MISERY is artificial, and generally proceeds from our folly. Philosophy can add to our happiness in no other manner but by

*diminishing* our misery. Happy were it for us if we were all born philosophers,—all born with a talent of dissipating our own cares, by spreading them upon all mankind.”

Mr. Hume, the philosophical historian, in allusion to the failure of his first publication, (for the writings of *great men* are not always appreciated, or *felt* at once) observes, that “ he soon recovered the blow; for he was born with a disposition to *see the best side of things*; a disposition which is preferable to being born to an estate,” &c.

“ The great source of pleasure is *variety*. Uniformity must tire at last, though it be uniformity of excellence. We love to expect, and when expectation is disappointed or gratified, we want to be again expecting.”—*Johnson's Life of Butler*.

\* \* Just at the time this work was going to press, "*More Miseries*" made their appearance; and "*more*," are still threatened. We formerly heard of the "*last* words of Dr. Johnson; but some sagacious person heard, or rather published "*more* LAST words" of the same great moralist. Though the Spectator has told us how some "*Miseries* may be alleviated," he has not provided against this.



PLEASURES  
OF  
HUMAN LIFE.

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Dissertation II.

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PLEASURES OF LITERATURE,

*Philosophically, Satirically, and Mentally considered.*

WE have had “the *Pursuits of Literature*,” “the *Revolutions of Literature*,” “the *Curiosities of Literature*,” “*Sketches of a History of Literature*,” besides various miscellaneous essays, pamphlets, &c. relating to the same subject; but it is reserved for the present age, and present work, to identify and descant on the PLEASURES OF LITERATURE. In doing this, we shall not infringe on the province of the “*Literary Review*,”\* nor sport with “*Literary Recreations*;”\* nor shall we attempt such a comprehensive, bird’s-eye view

as the “*Literary Panorama*.”\* Whilst these learned and elaborate works are *fully* charged with the philosophical and sportive productions of genius, we shall endeavour to divert our own minds from abstruse pursuits, and amuse those of our companions by a few cursory observations on the propensities of the writers and readers of the present day. Whilst the former are charitably and disinterestedly employed † in promoting virtue and science, the latter, generous souls! are induced to buy and peruse books for the sole purpose of patronizing learning and encouraging literature. Thus they say, and thus they act; whereby it appears that one of the “pleasures of imagination,” not specified by Akenside, is, to deceive ourselves, and impose on others. This practice of deception and imposition is certainly a very prominent feature, if not a pleasure, of the present age;

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\* Three monthly publications; the latter of which is not only very large, but fully stored with literary intelligence.

† See prefaces to the majority of books, where the writers declare they are wholly intended *pro bono publico*.

and where we find *one* candid and sincere in declaration, there are *ninety-nine* who are frothy, false, or fraudulent. Like the jew, who made his razors solely to sell, so many books are also *made* (not written) with that express object in view. Thus the *handicraftsmen* of literature may be classed under the appellations of carpenters, joiners, and undertakers. One knocks together almost any thing, either in wood\* or paper; another glues and joins any species of rubbish together, and calls it *Literary Curiosities*, *Eccentric Repository*, or some other equally *apposite* title, to trepan purchasers.

The latter class is of a more industrious, versatile description. One of these can either write, arrange, edit, compile, select, copy, or translate, *any thing*: from a charity sermon to a dying speech; from the History of the World

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\* Though wooden libraries have been frequently reprobated by essayists: they have the advantage of being harmless, which cannot be said of many of those works tacked together by paper-book carpenters.

to the History of a Gingerbread Nut.\* Thus books are manufactured, multiplied, and divided; and thus the dignified temple of the muses is converted into a Bartholomew-fair booth. But the heads of these literary mechanics, like the cannon-proof wall, are invulnerable; and the artillery of wit, satire, and ridicule is wasted in attacking them.

“Philosophy and criticism cannot reach some subjects, which sap the foundation and support of well-being. Playfulness, ridicule, wit, and humour, are the auxiliaries and light-armed forces of truth; and their power, in detachments, is equally felt with the main strength of the body.”—*Pursuits of Literature, Pref. to Part IV.*

The study of literature will ever rank among the higher pleasures of human life, and

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\* We could elucidate this character by reference to two or three living examples; but these shall be reserved for another lecture: not that they are even worth the compliment of being d——d,—critically: but they should be hung up, like scare-crows, to deter others from trespassing on the same corn.

its votaries among the most happy of intellectual beings. This is one of those few pursuits, in which delight and instruction are most happily united; and whether it be followed as a profession, or resorted to as a relaxation, none who embark in the pursuit can easily tear themselves from the Muses. No science affords so ample a store of varied information, and valuable knowledge. Indeed it may be said to swallow in its vortex every other science, and its stores are so inexhaustible, that the literary epicure, who revels in intellectual delight, can never want entertainment; nor the mental valetudinarian, medicine for the mind. In every possible situation, and in every varied circumstance of life, this restorative will be found efficacious. It can cheer the bed of sickness, lessen the pangs of penury, and solace the horrors of imprisonment. To the bosom of literary retirement the statesman flies from the parade and toils of greatness, the man of the world from the frivolity of fashion, and the monarch from the cares and solitudes incessantly attached to his elevated situation.

So irresistibly attractive is literature to the

well-regulated and laudably inquisitive mind, that it may truly be said to constitute its greatest, and truest pleasure. But for this, *Akenside* had never felt or communicated delight by his "*Pleasures of Imagination*;" and Rogers had never banquetted on "*the Pleasures of Memory*." Had not literature expanded and cheered the mind of Campbell, he would never have dwelt on "*the Pleasures of Hope*;" and but for the same vivifying power, Carey had never tuned his lyre to "*the Pleasures of Nature*." Even the bewitching, endearing, delightful, tormenting, and maddening passion of *love* acquires a tenfold zest from the refinements and effects of literature. Hence we have various poetical effusions to Cupid and Venus: with "*poisoned darts*," and "*bleeding hearts*." Love in a *Cottage*, like "*Love in a Tub*," is a stupid, dog-grel, uncouth sort of a thing; but love in a sonnet is *vastly* pretty; in an ode very fine; in a billet-doux, extremely moving; and in an opera almost *insupportable*. To be sure, those scribbling gentlemen, the opera-writer and sonneteer, sometimes make love and literature appear very ridiculous to the philosophical bye-standers. For the latter, who are cool, reflecting gentle-

men, are apt to think that a "*Sonnet to an Eye-brow*," an ode "*to an Ear-ring*," or a poetical "*Epistle to Narcissa's Nose*," is mere jingling nonsense; and the situations, language, and warblings of operatic lovers, are by these *harsh* critics classed in the same list: for they most fastidiously say, that to make love in semi-quavers, demi-semiquavers, and crotchets, is very *un-natural* and very *flat*. But these things have been long tolerated, and are admired by many. It would, therefore, appear like cruelty, or tyranny, to check the public love-songs of a Braham and Storace, who have performed these *things* with such universal applause:

The writers here alluded to may contend in their vindication, that war-songs and love-songs were the earliest productions of literature, and may be ranked with the finest effusions of genius. But these gentlemen should recollect that the manners and customs of the first and nineteenth centuries have many differences, and that good sense and good taste are better employed in improving upon, than in imitating the fashions of savages.



With a mind well disposed, and deeply stored with literature, every sense acquires additional susceptibility, and almost every object and occurrence administers to human pleasure. All the refinements of art, and productions of nature, are viewed with interest, and investigated with delight. Indeed, a mind thus regulated can never suffer under ennui, or be oppressed with lethargic stupor. The fascinating society of books unfolds so many charms, and is so endlessly varied, that a person can never be dull, or want congenial company, who has learnt the happy art of seeking pleasure from this inexhaustible source. This will be exemplified in the following descriptive sketch of a character, from nature.\*

Mr. PLACID (we may as well give him that name as any other) is a gentleman rather advanced in years, and, though a bachelor, he always appears with a cheerful countenance, and

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\* It may not be irrelevant to observe, that every character described, and anecdote related in this work is from nature and fact: neither romance, reverie, nor any species of fiction will be admitted.

greet his friends with a smile of joy. At an early age, he became enamoured with literature; and the passion appears to have "grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength." With an inquisitive and ardent thirst for knowledge, he has incessantly drunk at the fountain head. Every draft was refreshing; but the thirsty palate constantly craved more. Ever in pursuit of learning, he sought her in all the mazes of language, in the devious paths of science, and in the gay parterre of the belles lettres. Mixing occasionally with intelligent and enlightened society, he thereby rubs off the rust of pedantry, and appears the more polished by tempering urbanity with erudition. Whilst science adds strength to his head, the philosophy of nature regulates and keeps in unison the emotions of his heart. Actuated by the warmest feelings of humanity, he never witnesses distress without really mitigating, or endeavouring to alleviate, its sufferings. Though not rich, he contrives to assist; and is beloved by, the poor; for he justly observes, that whilst we have enough to provide ourselves with the necessaries and luxuries requisite for our peculiar situations in life, we shall purchase a *great*

*additional* luxury, by administering to the wants of real distress. He is never idle, nor is he ever seen frivolously employed; and, though past the meridian of life, he is active, alert, and lively. The primary or principal object of his studies, has been to store his mind with useful knowledge, and lay in a large stock of such erudition as is furnished by history, philosophy, and science. In this routine of instructive amusement, he has spent the greater part of his life, and is now daily and diligently occupied in the pursuit. He returns to the same entertainment day after day, “as if increase of appetite had grown with what it fed on:” and he frequently declares, that novelty and delight are always to be found in the compositions of talent, and in the effusions of well-regulated genius. Thus endowed, and thus employed, he may be fairly held up as an admirable example for imitation; and his daily career displays, in fascinating colours, “the Pleasures of Literature.”

Whilst recording this tribute to worth, honesty, benignity, and learning, we feel a stimulating spark of emulation, and a proud dig-

nity of spirit, which exults in submitting this slight sketch to public inspection, and demanding for it that admiration and respect, which should ever be the concomitants of true wisdom.

Such is the character of Mr. Placid: how different is that of Mr. Ego ! Both are attached to literature, and both may be said to be learned; but, whilst the former reads solely for self satisfaction and mental instruction, the latter HUNTS after knowledge merely to *sport* it in company. His only pleasure is derived from an ostentatious display of learning; and there is no music so harmonious to his ear, as the sweet voice of praise, in being flattered on his *deep* researches and *profound* reading. Should others neglect to tickle him in this susceptible part, he absolutely contrives to tickle *himself*; and this is not a very common case. Even the Miss Lively's and Miss Sensibles cannot provoke laughter with their own fingers, either applied to the arm-pits, knees, or feet; nor even in the most susceptible part, just under the fifth rib on the left side, near the heart. Mr. Ego's, in this respect, is only an

occasional pleasure, and not one that can be commanded at all times. It depends on company, and requires that company to be good-naturedly civil; for unless the hinges of his tongue are kept in easy play, by the oil of encomium, he soon grows dull, and sulkily stupid. Tempt him to talk, and you will surely be *amused*, if not *instructed*; for, if the truths of learning fail to effect this, his flexible fancy can soon *create*; and he will embellish his narratives with the most dazzling and effulgent colours of fancy. As

Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,  
And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse:

So hyperbole, romance, and exaggeration generally serve as chyan, or forced balls, to conversation. Mr. Ego knows this well, and generally uses such seasonings to give a zest and relish to his colloquial fare. To surprise, astonish, and amaze his hearers affords him supreme delight; and he would rather be called a *liar* than a *dull fellow*.

History, Poetry, Antiquities, the Drama, and the Arts, are all comprehended by the

capacious mind of this gentleman: and either in private company, at a public table, or in published criticism, he pronounces final sentence on works in either of these classes of literature, and arraigns all kinds of authors at *his* tribunal. When out of company, he is constantly reading; but the sole object of his researches is, to detect faults, to descry errors, and discover blunders. His common-place books are filled with Qs. Xs. and †††s. These, with titles of books, and pages of reference constitute his choice “*Morsels of Criticism.*” Specimens of his critiques may be found in the Edinburgh, Antijacobin, and Oxford Reviews; and also in the *News*, a weekly paper. In the latter, he is known to have scribbled a good deal; and has levelled the whole artillery, or rather *small-arms*, of his hyper-criticism at heads of a *Dibdin*, *Reynolds*, and *Cherry*; and merely because these gentlemen love to laugh themselves, and provoke laughter in others. But these true lusorists seem to have treated his splenetic snarlings with that proud contempt which real genius must ever feel towards that criticism which consists in personal

illiberality, and indiscriminate abuse. It is also confidently asserted, that Mr. Ego once attacked all the *Reviewers* and *Reviews*; and pronounced them partial, ignorant, illiberal, and base assassins. He afterwards undertook the editorship of a review himself; in which, rather unluckily, he committed all the absurdities and crimes he had previously complained of; but forgot to introduce any of those great reforms and improvements which he so earnestly and eagerly recommended to others as absolutely necessary. This, however, is the common fate of clamorous reformers; for, whilst they are vehement in urging improvement in others, they seem to forget that it is most wanted at *home*. What they prescribe in theory, they neglect to practice. Whilst employed in reforming the government of the country, they disregard the jurisprudence of their own domestic *monarchy*. Weak, shallow coxcombs!—presuming thus to direct and regulate the complicated machine of government, yet absolutely unqualified to keep the simple machine of a single family in good order.







At the literary conversazione,\* and the fascinating tea-table, Mr. Ego generally proclaims his own talents, and trumpets forth his own praises. I by't-self I, is the first letter of his alphabet ; and to him the most important part of speech in the English language. It is, indeed, the *nominative case* to almost every sentence. Thus, he commonly talks—" *I* cannot think so ——— *I* —must—deny—that—— *I* oppose it in toto—— *I* —think—differently—— *I* am positive you are wrong, Sir. †

Another strong trait of this gentleman is, his familiar acquaintance (according to his own

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\* In the winter of 1805-6, there were several associations of this kind in London. Besides those at Sir Joseph Banks's, Dr. Heaviside's, and Dr. Garthshore's, two respectable publishers (Longman and Co. in the city, and Millar at the West-end of the town) invited the literati and artists to assemble at their respective houses, one evening in every week during winter. It was extremely pleasant ; for, besides associating with the great luminaries of the age, visitors were treated with a sight of all the popular and expensive publications of the day.

† " As *I* walk'd by *myself*, and talk'd by *myself*,  
 And thus *myself* said unto *me* :  
 Look to *thyself*, take care of *thyself*,  
 For nobody cares for *thee*."

report) with the first noblemen and state officers of the country. The Duke of ———, the Marquis of ———, the Earl of ———, and the Countess of ———, are all his most particular friends: and he is so repeatedly engaged in dinner parties, &c. with these great folks, that he “really has not a moment’s time to do *this*, or *that*, or *t’other*.”

From self each Ego adoration draws,  
And gathers increase from its own applause.

Leaving Mr. Ego to him-*self*, let us take a cursory review of the literary character and literature; and see how far the latter administers to the pleasure of the former, and he to the gratification of the public. The present is certainly the age of letters, if not of learning; for books of all sizes, sorts, qualities, and subjects, are daily issuing from the British press.

“ Our learned authors have the world supplied  
With all they knew—and something more beside,  
All Fancy’s stores have rummag’d, cull’d, and sack’d,  
And stretch’d invention till it almost crack’d;  
Yet our discoveries have been but few  
Of things important, or of subjects new.”

*Age of Frivolity.*

There is scarcely a subject of art, or science, but what genius or learning has fairly and *luminously* laid before the public: from that of cutting out a coat,\* to that of cutting up a whale; from the art of brewing small beer, to the art of *ingeniously* tormenting. The literati are not merely men of learning, but of liberality and good nature; for they seldom suppress any hints or information that appear to be calculated for the public good. Thus the pious religionists have furnished forlorn sinners with “*A Guide to Heaven*”—“*A Christain’s Complete Armour*.”—“*A Godly Pillar of Help*.”—“*A Shove to Heavy-a——d Christians*,” &c.

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\* A work has been recently published called the Taylor’s Guide, “*by adepts in the profession*,” who assure us that their object is “to furnish the world with a complete guide to *ornamental covering*; a comprehensive analysis of beauty and *elegance in dress*; in *which infinite pains* have been taken, and *various talents* united, to form rules applicable in all cases for cutting out garments; a work which will, on the first view, convince the *uninformed mind*, that, with a little application, *he* may become a complete taylor”!!! Glorious era! when any *uninformed mind* may be made a *taylor*; and when, by the same logic, we suppose a *body* may be taught to *think*. If philosophy and literature be thus *cabbaged*, it will soon dwindle into mere “*shreds and patches*.”

Dramatists have taught us “*the Way to get Married!*”—“*How to grow Rich*”—“*How to be Happy*”—and “*the Way of the World.*”

Politicians have acquainted us with “*The State of the Nation,*” “*The Rights of Man,*” “*The Wealth of Nations,*” &c.

PHILOSOPHERS have descanted on “*the Dignity of Human Nature,*”—“*The History of Man,*” “*the Immutability of Truth,*” &c.; METAPHYSICIANS have soared into the heavens, and endeavoured to display and define “*the being and attributes of the Deity*”—and “*the Immateriality and Immortality of the Human Soul*”;\* POETS have rhymed on almost every subject comprehended within the li-

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\* This is certainly *one* of the most extraordinary works of the present age. It is written by an *uneducated* shoemaker (S. Drew), of that remote county, Cornwall: and, whilst it displays great vigour of intellect, it proves that the human mind will often soar above that sphere where the body is compelled to move; and that genius and talent may be found in a humble shed, as well as in a college. Though we have had political and poetical cobblers, this is the first metaphysical cobbler that has attracted our notice.

mits of Art and Nature ; from "*Paradise Lost*," to "*the Sofa*"—from "*the Creation of the world*"—to "*the Last Shilling*,"—and from "*Rhymes on Art*"\* to "*A Farthing Rushlight*."

In short, authors have been so kindly communicative, and disinterestedly generous, that they seem to have given away nearly all their wisdom and prudence to the public, and reserved scarcely any for themselves. Otherwise how is it they are commonly so poor ? This may easily be accounted for by saying, that their mental appetite is *always* keen and hungry, but that the corporeal one is only *occasionally* so ; and it is a natural consequence, that the demands of the most troublesome creditor should be first satisfied ; the most clamorous

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\* We cannot refer either to the title of Mr. Shee's book, or to its contents, without being impressively reminded of the Pleasures of Literature. For, whilst we feel convinced that the vivid mind of the author must have been continually illumined with the brilliant flashes of fancy, and the enlivening creations of intellect, we peruse and reperuse his work with that high zest which can only be communicated by energy of Talent.



claimants must be first served. Many of these gentlemen seem conscious of their weaknesses, as may be inferred by the following

### APOLOGY FOR SCRIBBLING.

IN A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO A FRIEND AT  
COLLEGE.

—————Neque idem unquam  
Æque est beatus, ac Poema quam scribit.  
Tam gaudet in se, tamque scipse miratur.

CATULLUS.—

You oft have press'd me to decline  
This *Cacoethes* pen of mine ;  
But to be plain, and at a word,  
I cannot with your taste accord :  
As well you might in truth expect,  
*Ma chere amie*, her glass to break ;  
And therefore, whether wrong or right,  
*Ludere cum Calamo*—I delight,  
Tho' thousands say and think with you,  
I might some better trade pursue ;  
And add—" Lord help the man—his brain  
" Is so derang'd it gives us pain.  
" And then, his poetry *is chaff* ;  
" His prose is better far by half  
" (Tho' that indeed scarce makes us laugh.)  
All which I hear with patience grave,  
In hopes a word in turn to have—  
As thus—(by way of calm reply)  
" The fact I fear I can't deny ;

"But then, I trust, there are some few  
 "Amongst our modern rhyming crew,  
 "Who, like poor me, have lost their wits,  
 "And shew it by their raging fits;  
 "Who scratch their head and bite their nails,  
 "To see on which side sink the scales,  
 "Whether in favour of their rhymes,  
 ("In harmony with bells and chimes,)  
 "Or in the grave Mosaic tract,  
 "In which Committee's plan an act?"  
 In either case I fear it true,  
 (At least will own it, Frank, to you ;)  
 We're ne'er so well, or vainly pleas'd,  
 As when with this same madness seiz'd ;  
 To which in favour of my sin,  
 I might in proof bring \* Pliny in ;  
 Who says whatever is in print,  
 Has more or less of knowledge in't.  
 But you perhaps will laughing say,  
 "It might be so in Pliny's day ;  
 "But now the scene is alter'd quite,  
 "And authors *make their mark*— not write ;  
 "And what in former days might please,  
 "As penn'd with elegance and ease,

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\* Pliny the elder maintained, according to Erasmus,  
 in his Latin collections, that there is no book, however in-  
 different, but may, in some sense or other, instruct the  
 reader.

“Is now so smooth and thoughtless writ,  
“’Tis artless art, or artless wit.”  
From whence I may conclude, you think,  
I spoil both paper, pen, and ink,  
And am but proving what you say,  
In trudging on my rhyming way ;  
Which, though a truth, for aught I know,  
Yet freely tell me, can you shew  
One single instance of a man  
Cured by advice—on any plan?  
Still I forgive, nor take it ill,  
You censure with so good a will ;  
And in return will prove a friend,  
In giving proof I mean to mend,  
By putting to my rhymes an—end ;  
Relying in the world to find  
Some “to my faults a little blind.”

MOULSIANUS.

Though the current coin in the poet’s Exchange be *words*, and his drafts be drawn in *verse* on the Bank of Parnassus, yet these are but little regarded by bakers, butchers, taylors, &c. it is therefore not very surprising that such bills as the preceding should be dishonored, when offered for payment, and returned upon the drawer. Among the various classes of the *litterati*, the poet is most commonly a victim to the *cacoethes scribendi*, for if he once resigns

the reins to fancy, she generally runs restive; and the poor charioteer is often thrown into the bog of disappointment, or hurried into the quagmire of penury.

"Though pining in garret, perhaps for want of bread,  
He fills with *visionary* bliss his head,  
Scratches his pate, and now enraptured writes,  
Now utters sentences, and now endites :  
"Descend ye lovely, ye celestial nine—  
—Borrow a candle child—Wife don't repine".

Of all the hobbies in the Augean stable of literature, there is none worse ridden, or so badly managed than Pegasus.

Many a worthy man gets on his back with the laudable intention of riding post to Parnassus, but finds, to his astonishment, that the beast leaves him in the lurch, and does not bring him within sight of that bewitching region—It sometimes happens that a very oaf will aspire to the honor of mounting Pegasus, but he is soon thrown into the dirt.

"See smiling J——m at *fifty*, weep,  
Of love-lorn oxen, and forsaken sheep."

*Gifford's Baviad.*

Indeed such is the prevalence of this literary mania, that no man is now admitted into elegant society, unless he evinces his capability of *making a book*, or at least, writing a prologue—this has produced a swarm of Monkish romancers :

Prologue writers,  
Song enditers,  
Novel scribblers,  
Critic nibblers—

In short we have now be vies of Dramatists, Sonneteers, Epigrammatists, and Peter Pindarics: we have besides, sleeping beauties in the wood, children in the wood, and a very numerous anacreontic society. Now these are surely all fair game, and the best thing we can do is to make *game* of them. If we have not poets who “lisp in numbers,” we have numbers of writers who attempt to figure in rhyme—

“Of all vain fools with coxcomb talents curs’d  
Bad poets and bad painters are the worst.”

Such is the severe, and just anathema of A. Pope, who certainly knew how to appreciate

the former class ; though he was entirely ignorant of the latter.

But the republic of letters like the empires of the world, has its revolutions, and literature now seems taking its turn : the familiar novel is giving way before the tremendous influence of the terrific romance, and the regular drama, to spectacle and *melo-drame*. Scientific treatises are supplanted by encyclopædias almost without number, and dictionaries of all kinds are now so numerous and cheap, that the English student cannot justly complain of wanting *quantity* of words and works, however he may regret their *quality* and matter.

“ Of old, book-making was a mighty charge,  
 They aim'd at folios weighty, thick, and large ;  
 Firm as the pyramids of ages past,  
 And destined, Ages yet to come, to last.  
 Ours are productions of a lighter sort,  
 Spruce, pocket volumes, little, thin, and short.  
 Thus is the eye amused, attention caught  
 And, what is best of all, not plagued with thought.”  
*Age of Frivolity.*

Indeed we can now have *pocket* cyclopædias,

gazetteers, that comprehend descriptions of the whole world—in an octo-decimo volume: and the Iliad, in a breeches pocket vade mecum. Besides Historical, Philosophical, Mathematical, Antiquarian, and Agricultural works, with all the higher species of literature, we have Reviews, Magazines, Almanacks, Guides, and Newspapers, almost without number. In the plain honest pages of the former class, all the interesting events of past ages are recorded with unexaggerated truth. Historians will not disguise, or pervert the incidents they narrate; and Philosophers torture their own humanity, in torturing animals, merely to give pleasure to others. Antiquaries are generally such pains-taking, good natured souls, that they spend their whole lives in hunting after discoveries for the edification of their neighbours, and the public at large.\*

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\* See the several volumes of the Archæologia, where extraordinary disclosures are made, of extraordinary fragments of pipkins, earthen pans and brass farthings: and these of such singular taste in execution, and beauty of form, that *elegant* engravings are given of them for the benefit of Artists and Artisans.



But the most popular class of reading is that of Almanacks, Newspapers, Magazines, and Reviews ; these we shall briefly *criticise*, but neither in the style of the Edinburgh, nor Oxford critics. We are not far enough north for the one, or west for the other. Ours will be merely the temperate meridian breezes of London : not the nipping, pinching, benumbing hurricanes of the former, nor the luke-warm, foggy, drizzly airs of the latter.

As these subjects are however of a solemnly important nature, and replete with momentous interest, we shall appropriate to them a separate portion of our work, because we cannot help thinking, that, as criticism *often* influences the opinion of a reader, it ought to be written fairly, openly and candidly. Whatever may be the fate of our own work, we have taken care to have *one page* (the following), perfect, and unexceptionable : and therefore secure against every attack of—Criticism.



## Dissertation III.

### PLEASURES OF LITERATURE

*Illustrated in Criticisms on Almanacks, and Newspapers, with a history of the latter, and a few broad hints for Puffing.*

OF all the learned *literary* works peculiar to the present Age, the above are certainly the most popular: consequently the most important. All classes of men, women and children either read, or listen to the information of these sage publications. Each however has its relative scale of consequence, and each has its peculiar class of favourites and patrons.

#### A CRITICAL REVIEW OF THE VOX STELLARUM FOR 1807.

Without examining how many thousands of these are annually printed in Great Britain, we may just cursorily glance at their contents, their style of composition, and their effects. So

comprehensive is their grasp, so omnipotent is their power, and so profound is their erudition, that they not only acquaint us with the past, and describe the present, but absolutely unfold to us the future.\*

Ye Prophets of old hide your diminished heads

*Francis Moore*, is too much for ye.

Francis is a *Physician*, or a *Phyz-I-Shun*, and has not merely found out a nostrum that seems to agree with all *ages* and constitutions but it appears to have rendered himself

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\* The origin of the word *almanac*, or *almanack*, like many other words, has been much contested by Etymologists, and this species of disputation is one of the great pleasures of literature: For since some writers can deduce amusement and delight in quarrelling about a *single word*; only think what felicity must result from a well supported and obstinate controversy about ideas, or about the whole volume of language. Some *learned* authors derive the name from the Arabic particle *Al* and *Manach*, to count. Scaliger, and others derive it from *Al* and *μαναχος*, the course of the months: old Verstegan, our English Antiquary, who though not much of a lusorist, seems to have been something of a *lunarist*; says that our ancestors used to carve the courses of the moon on a square stick, or block of wood, which they called *Al-Monaght*, or *All-Moon-heed*. —There is much *wit* in the lucubrations of the *learned*.

immortal; for though Mr. Moore *really* died a mortal death many years back, yet he still is *literally* alive: at least the "*Vox Stellarum for the year of human redemption 1807*" is said to be written, compiled, and propounded by this respectable veteran star gazer. This profound and elegant work contains much information, which cannot fail of being singularly interesting to all laudably curious minds, at the present momentous crisis. Though this popular work sells to the amount of above 400,000 annually, yet some of its most important passages may have escaped the notice of many of our readers; and as such *good things* ought not to be lost, we proceed to submit a few of them to the attention of the curious.

It is not our intention to criticise the whole volume, nor analyze its contents. Like many other critical reviewers we shall select a few passages for extract, and animadversion: *candidly* premising, that our selection is not made so much for the improvement of the reader, as for our own gratification. It is frequently remarked (rather sarcastically), that poets in general are no conjurors: but it will clearly appear from

the following lines, attached to the month of January 1807, that Dr. Moore is both a *conjuror*, and a *poet*.

“Come rouse my muse and dictate to my pen;  
That I may tell how things will be, and when;  
When starry fate man’s hurt will less conspire,  
When war, that plague of nations, will retire.”

As unintelligibility constitutes a part of the sublime, our learned author aims at this higher species of poetry in the third line, and carrying his reader into the starry region, there leaves him in the lurch. Leaving the poetry let us look at the prose.

In the same month this prophet predicts “rain or snow *more or less, about* the 2d, 8th, 24th, and 30th, days, the day *before* or day *after* :” —Wonderful sagacity! but still more acutely explained—“that is, within the short space of *three days*.”—An old woman in the country, whose critical assistance we shall avail ourselves of, reading this passage, exclaims—“Dear me, what a mighty clever man Mr. Dr. Moore must be, to know all these things! then

you see he says the *short* space of three days: and three days you know in January is much more shorter than three days in July—Oh he is a mortal cute mon”!!!

We have debated whether the remarks of the old woman, the poetic head pieces of Mr. Moore, or his astrological predictions, are the most learned and profound. As *we* cannot easily determine this, we wish to submit it for the deliberations and discussions of Mr. G. Jones’s debating society. In February Mr. Moore thus elegantly sings, and logically writes,

“Tis only war can introduce *our* peace;  
Tis only arms can make the wars to cease.”

Had the author written the last line “*for* to cease,” the measure and rythmus might have been much improved:—in the opinion of the *old woman*.

This is not all the news of February, for we are further told that, “these are fatal times to *some* countries.”—“Alack a-daisy, so they be in-



deed," says our old woman *Commentator*—"where the sword is drawn against them, and is not yet likely to be put into its scabbard, but is furbished anew; and what will the end then be?"—Fie on't Doctor Moore, *you* should not ask questions, tis your province to anticipate all enquiry, and explain every doubt. But April demands our attention—Take heed ye fool-makers, lest the tables be turned on ye, for "this month is ushered in with scurrilous and lying aspersions."—Perhaps Mr. M. this merely applies to almanack-makers—"A lady of no mean birth meets sorrow and affliction"—"Mercies on me" exclaims the old woman, perhaps this means the Queen's Majesty of England, or else our squire's lady"—More news is coming—"Near this time the Turkish emperor dies, or it MAY BE, he hides his head."—"Bless me! only think," says the old lady, "the Turkish Emperor dies, or hides his head—well! for certain, that must mean the same thing in the Turkey world.—I wonder if these turkeys be like ours;" but that can't be, for Doctor Moore says afterwards,—"*if HE can save his life, let him, I GIVE HIM fair warning.*"—"Well now," ob-

serves our old dame, "that's what a good doctor ought to do, he should always save life when he can, and *where* he can; and I'm sure Mr. Emperor of the turkeys ought to be desperately obliged to our doctor: I wish I were but the queen of England, I would make him my *ordinary fizishon*, as they do call it."

Without entering into a critical analysis of this very popular, very interesting, and very profound performance, we conclude our account of it, with its own sapient incontrovertible finishing axiom. "*If in this year, 1807, there be a firm and general peace in Europe, IT WILL BE WELL.*"

"All's well that *ends* well."

The very pretty, or very fine *picture* at the end of the volume before us, however, must not be passed over in silence: for it is generally the grand magical charm of the whole; the interesting puzzler: the *british* hieroglyphic; the most attractive feature: though children contemplate it as they would another common *wooden* print; and though a short sighted,

*tasteless artist* thinks it too contemptible for notice, yet to many persons, it is more interesting and valuable, than a grand historical picture by *West*, an exquisite fancy piece by *Shee*, or an unperishable enamel performance by *Bone*.—  
As,

“The worth of any thing,  
Is just as much as it will bring.”

So the value of a picture, or print, is estimated according to the taste or judgement of the person who is viewing it. Besides, the more ugly, doubtful, unintelligible, some things are, the more highly are they prized : else how is it that 10, 15, and 20 guineas are frequently given for a badly engraved, ill-looking print, *said* to be a portrait of a certain person, whose name is written at the bottom.† This, Mr.

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† Since such sums are indiscriminately given for any *scarce trash*: not that it is really good, or valuable, but because it is *scarce*; it is not to be wondered at that great museums, and bulky collections be occasionally *weeded*. If a *collector* should accidentally fold up an odd print in his bundle, or let one slip into his folio, surely such incidents cannot be criminal. They are mere acci-





*Drawn and Engraved by Rowlandson for the Pleasures of Human Life*

# CONNOISSEURS—or PORTRAIT COLLECTORS !!

*London Published by Longman, Hurst, Rees & Orms, Paternoster Row, 1807.*

Sarcastic will say, arises from the conscious humility of the purchaser, who knowing the insipidity of his own head, deems it fair policy to have another similar one, to keep his in countenance. An arch caricaturist, thinking to ridicule this false taste, once drew a portrait of one of these *Connoisseurs*, prying with "*spectacles on nose*," at a very bad head of this description, and at the same time questioning the printseller about the *scarcity* and *originality* of the print: underneath he wrote the old tricking adage,—

"We three,  
Loggerheads be."

The folly of indiscriminately collecting, either books, prints, coins, shells, or any other nicknacatory, must appear palpably ridiculous to the looker on; but it is a hobby; and few hobbies are very rational beasts, or calculated to be exhibited at a public auction: but should one of the above kind have no other advantage,

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dents, which the most *cautious* collector may fall into, and which lenient trustees, or kind auctioneers will good-naturally overlook.

it will certainly “*enrich knaves at the expence of fools.*”

Though we have given precedence to the Almanack, yet the popularity and influence of that class of books, will be found to be superseded by the Newspapers: for if the former be read, and referred to, by almost every body *yearly*, the latter is the *daily* mental feast of thousands. Such is the extensive and commanding interest of this species of literature; that its influence is felt and acknowledged over the whole kingdom of Great Britain. Works that relate only to one art, or one science, or even the whirlpool Cyclopædia, that ingulphs them all, is confined in sale, limited in circulation, and only studied by a few dull, plodding fellows: but such is the superlative merit of a Newspaper, and such the prejudiced attachment of Englishmen to it, that all ranks, classes, and conditions of men, manifest their predilection for this, above all other literary works.

“Whate’er the busy bustling world employs  
Our wants, and wishes, pleasures, cares, and joys,



These, the *historians of our times* display,  
And call it *News*, the hodge-podge of the day."

*Connoisseur.*

# NEWSPAPERS.

*The following is a list of such NEWSPAPERS, and other PRINTS of INTELLIGENCE, as are printed in London, viz.*

## MORNING PAPERS.

The British Press  
The Morning Post  
The Morning Chronicle  
The Morning Advertiser  
The Oracle and Daily  
Advertiser

The Morning Herald  
The Public Ledger  
The Times  
The Aurora

## EVENING PAPERS.

The Courier  
The Crisis  
The Star  
The Sun  
The Globe  
The Traveller  
The Statesman

*Monday, Wednesday, and  
Friday.*

The London Packet  
Lloyd's Evening Post  
The Evening Mail

*Tuesday and Saturday.*  
The London Gazette  
  
*Tuesday, Thursday, and  
Saturday.*  
The English Chronicle  
The Commercial Chro-  
nicle  
The General Evening  
Post  
The London Evening  
Post  
The London Chronicle  
The St. James's Chronicle

## WEEKLY PAPERS.

|                      |                         |
|----------------------|-------------------------|
| <i>Every Monday.</i> | Say's Craftsman         |
| County Chronicle     | The Westminster Journal |
|                      | The Imperial Gazette    |
| <i>Saturday.</i>     | Baldwin's Journal       |
| Cobbett's Register   | The Mirror of the Times |
|                      | The Political Review    |

## SUNDAY PAPERS.

|                  |                |
|------------------|----------------|
| The Volunteer    | The Observer   |
| Bell's Messenger | The Recorder   |
| The Dispatch     | The Review     |
| The Englishman   | The Neptune    |
| The Monitor      | The Selector * |
| The News         |                |

It is commonly remarked that the London, or English atmosphere, is the great operator on our dispositions: and that an Englishman is a constant victim to the weather. If the sun shines he must be cheerful, but if a fog, or cloud obscures that cheering luminary, he is consequently dull, hippish, vapourish, or hypocondriacal. Are not his variations of temper, if the En-

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\* Besides the above there are no less than 84 Newspapers published at different towns in England, and Wales, 18 in Scotland, and 33 in Ireland. Agency business is transacted for the whole by Taylor and Newton, Warwick-square, London.

glishman be really so changeable, more attributable to the Newspaper, than to the climate? Are not all the human passions held in suspense till the "*Morning Post*" makes its appearance, or, till the "*British Press*" proclaims the actuating intelligence of the day? Can a man go to bed till the *Sun*,\* *Star*, or *Globe*, has satisfied his restless curiosity about the leading topic of news? And according as that coincides with, or opposes his favourite theories, or heart-felt interest, so are his spirits elevated, or depressed. —The political mind, like the thermometer, is affected by every shifting wind: only there is this difference in the two: while the latter marks all the gradations of heat and cold, the former rises and sinks from the extremes at once, and is *greatly* affected by *little* events.

The common intelligence in our daily papers, with the long lists of advertisements, will be found to contain the best account of the

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\* It is presumed that the title of this paper was given by a sagacious Irishman, not as a *bull*, but as a *bait* to the fashionable world; for as the people of that region seldom breakfast 'till after-noon, they might be pleased to find the *Sun* make its appearance about the same time.

present domestic state of England, that can possibly be compiled. What an invaluable thing would a bundle of Grecian or Roman papers, of *similar contents* be to a thoroughbred antiquary, or to a curious cirtic; either of whom might then inform himself, when Julius Cæsar obtained his first victory; if he issued regular bulletins of his engagements, movements, and *deceptive* proclamations: If he frequently insulted his ministers, or bullied ambassadors from a foreign nation: if he sued for peace at one time with the Britons, merely to cajole them: and whether he, like other murdering conquerors, used every species of artifice, intrigue, duplicity and falsehood, to deceive other nations, and impose on his own: if his prime-minister was really a man of talents and integrity, or merely a cunning crafty knave: and, if a few poor enslaved authors, were *obliged* to write panegyrics on his *humanity*, or be sacrificed for high treason. A paper of this kind, would also inform us on what days Tully went to his Tusculum, or Pliny to his magnificent villa: who was the capital singer at the Grecian opera: how often she (if a female,) had a cold, or sore throat: or if the house was obliged to

be closed for several nights, on account of the indisposition of the two principal performers. This, however, would not be the only *interesting* article in such chronicles ; for we should there find the arguments of Cicero, in defence of crim. con: and the speeches of Demosthenes in vindication of gaming. We should also have an important account of all the arrivals in Athens and Rome ; the grand dinner parties, routs, masquerades and gambling. What lady was the leading belle of the season ; if Roscius spoke a certain soliloquy, with proper emphasis, action, and cadence : or, if he was sometimes monotonous, heavy, dull, somniferous, and affected. Whether quack doctors, money lenders, and lottery office keepers, were much encouraged : and, if they always practised deception, trick, and imposition, to trepan the credulous and procure a brisk trade. These pieces of intelligence would afford high delight and be singularly interesting, to many of the dilettanti of the present day.

The papers now printing in London, (and called *daily*, from being likely to live only a *day*) will, most probably, 500 years hence

be as amusing to the acute literati of that day, as an Egyptian Morning Post, a Grecian Fashionable Advertiser, or a Roman Courier would be to the philologists of the present age.

Since the "*Pleasures of Human Life*" must necessarily be studied and promoted as long as the English language shall be known, and man live to speak it : and as those fugitive works called Newspapers are not likely to be viewed by posterity, we are induced to record a few characterizing features, or peculiarities of these literary ephemera, in the shape of extracts.

By consulting the pages of a London advertising \*newspaper, a foreigner would be induced to conclude, that the people of this country are ostentatiously generous, superlatively liberal, rigidly honest, and nobly disinterested.

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\* The *Weekly Messenger*, and the *News*, profess to exclude all the advertising trash, which constitutes the most interest-ing portion of Newspapers ; and actuated, by the noblest principles of independent liberality, these original papers, are *amply filled with useful, authentic, and impartial* information. How unlike many of their contemporary prints, which, exclusive of puffing off their own works in long paragraphs, (not advertise-

LOTTERY OFFICE PUFFERS,—offer people 30,000*l.* for almost—nothing; and these gentlemen are, we believe, the inventors of a certain species of puff-advertisements, which are usually inserted among the regular news.

QUACK DOCTORS,——promise their customers continued health, long life, and security against every disease, by a small *palatable* phial of liquid called Balm of Solomon, Lunar Tincture, &c. Some attempt to bring themselves into notoriety, by ambiguous nonsense; see No. 5. and some prey upon the benevolent and humane by fictitious stories.

MONEY LENDERS—invite the public to come and *accept* cash from their offices, which are opened, *pro bono publico*. See No. 4.

Some civil generous hearted females, have

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ments] are occupied in vindicating one party, and depreciating another; in abusing, and satirizing some players and authors, and praising others; and in short, shaking hands with their *apparent* opponents, in private, though publicly proclaiming their independence, priority, and incorruptibility.



fitted up their houses, for the exclusive benefit and comfort, of the distressed of their own sex. See No. 3—And *Young Ladies* may either be provided with husbands, or children, through the medium of these charitable matrons. See No. 2.

Some gentlemen sacrifice every selfish consideration, every motive of individual interest, and all regard for themselves and families, to serve the *public*, in their sincere attachment, to the *independent* burgesses of a poor, pitiful, paltry borough.

The ladies, are not only universally admired ; but it appears that many tradesmen have spent their whole lives in studying how to improve the beauty of the fair sex, and render them more bewitching: rosy cheeks,—milk-white hands—flaxen hair,—violet breath,—snow-white ivory teeth : and all the catalogue of graces may now be *purchased*,—not only hair can be added, and ringlets given, but superfluous hair can easily be removed. We will illustrate the foregoing remarks, by a few public Advertisements :

## No. 1.

To the Ladies.—At a time when Beauty constitutes the prominent feature in the British Court, which has obtained universal admiration, every exertion should certainly be made to preserve that estimation which has been so justly acquired, and, if possible, to add an additional lustre to it. **SUPERFLUOUS HAIRS** have been considered as one of the greatest blemishes in a female face. **ALFRED'S ROYAL COMPOSITION**, universally esteemed at the Court of France, at the time of its greatest splendour, and first prepared for the beautiful Antoinette, is earnestly recommended to the Ladies of this country, for effectually eradicating all superfluous hairs from the face, arms, &c. without injury to the skin, or causing the least unpleasant sensation.

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## No. 2.

**LADIES**, from the consequence of indiscretion, desirous of a temporary retirement, may be accommodated with a furnished house, or apartments in town, or its vicinity; and every requisite appendage for the month, or any time previous to it, according to circumstances, by an experienced midwife, whose *honour, humanity, tenderness*, and secrecy may be safely confided in; and whose advice and **FRIENDSHIP**, if early sought, may be productive of unexpected benefit, and the means of *procuring reputation unsullied*.

Apply at Pleasant-row, Panter's Villey, Mrs. Gripe on the door.

Though so many good things are voluntarily offered to the public ; and though it seems a practice with advertisers to anticipate all the wants of mankind, yet there are many of these not yet satisfactorily supplied, as will be seen by the following list :

Wanted—by several young ladies—*good husbands*.

Wanted—by several old maids, ditto.

Wanted—to pay a debt of honour—*thirty thousand pounds* ; an annual premium will be given.

Wanted—by several gentlemen—*sincerity* : and by many ladies—*resolution*.

Wanted—by several *fine gentlemen*—money—they will give *their notes* for security.

Wanted—by the manager of a Theatre—*pretty actresses*.—And by another manager, sound-lung'd bellowing *actors*.

Wanted by several *self-sufficient* gentlemen, *common sense*.

Wanted—by several authors of *benefit farces*—*judgment*.

Wanted—by a bookseller, an editor, who has a common place-book filled with *new-fashion'd puffs*—If some of them will also apply to the lottery, he shall be additionally paid.

Wanted—by a *regular* bred Surgeon—a man, and woman, in remote parts of the country, who will make affidavits, and write particular cases of having obtained radical cures from certain disorders—by means of Essence of Broad-rum.

Wanted, by a methodist preacher—common sense, and honesty.

Wanted, by the Ministry—humility.

Wanted, by the Opposition,—places.

Wanted—by Englishmen,—PEACE.

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The following advertisement will tend to elucidate the proverbial phrase, that “*old fools* are the worst of fools.”

### No. 3.

#### MATRIMONY.

A GENTLEMAN rather *turned* above the middle-age; and possessing an independent annual income, wishes to change his condition with a *Lady* or *Gentlewoman* of suitable age, and unincumbered, whose wishes agree with his, and who is possessed of 2000*l.* or upwards, or has a yearly income adequate to such a sum; as the Advertiser's income is much superior to such a sum, or yearly income: the Advertiser's reputation will bear every reasonable enquiry; and as a junction for life may prove of happy import to both parties, it is requested that none will answer this, whose reputation will not bear an equal scrutiny.

A line addressed to T. M. with appointment at any *central* and *convenient* place, will meet prompt *attention*. None but such address, with appointment, will meet with *any attention*.

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## No. 4.

## TO TRADESMEN AND OTHERS UNDER TEMPORARY DIFFICULTIES.

A person who can at all times command *large* sums of Money, is willing to assist Tradesmen labouring under temporary difficulties, (provided circumstances are made appear satisfactory upon an interview with the Party) either by the negotiating of paper, or making advances in any other way that may be deemed eligible. The advertiser wishes it to be understood that he is not unmindful of his own Interest, and, from experience in the mercantile world, is capable of giving advice where it is necessary. As it would be highly improper to say too much in an address of this nature, a line directed for A. B. C. (to the care of Robert, the waiter,) at the New York Coffee-house, Sweeting's-alley, will meet with immediate attention, and secresy, and an interview appointed.

No letters unless post paid will be received.

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## No. 5.

WANTED, for GUINEAS: All clean, and clever,  
Coarse stout Callico: A good quantity: Wide 22, or 44  
inches. PLEASE to send SAMPLES!

JEHOVAH-nissi.

Much Point, in Few Lines:

Morning Chronicle, Tuesday, Nov. 7. 1797.

B A L S A M O F FINE G O L D, for the  
King's Evil, and another ill; rather more common. Also,  
swelling knee Billy's Malady: Abscess, Fistula: and  
spasmodic heart.—Does not make folk mad, nor weaken  
people; as some poisons do: But invigorates: most sur-

prisingly.—Invented, prepared, and applied, by MASTER  
VON BUTCHER : The ANATOMIST.

Advice, New Guinea. Fee is given first. Do no' ken  
bad Notes : or Evil Dollars : ai wi' no' tak' 'em. Come  
from ten till one : (seven days a week :) for he goes to  
none.

FEE, is 'Two per Cent.—On FIVE Years PROFIT.

All the Money down.—Before I begin.

ANANIAS, Fell !—Dead : FOR KEEPING BACK !

“ Wilt—THOU—be—MADE—whole ?

WEALTHY ADVOCATE ?—COUNCIL TO THE KING !

Do not stay too late !—Soon be glad, and sing !

FISTULÆ,—AND—PILES,

“ Leave no TRACE behind :—But a GRATEFUL Mind.”

Mine—is now made up :—Unless thou bringest,

Two Thousand Guineas,—Voluntarily

I—may—not—cure—thee.

M. V. BUTCHER.

SON of a BRITON : knows his CONSEQUENCE.

So does John Hodges : A Gun-Engraver : Number 29,  
in Liquor-pond-street : Works for the MANTONS.

Having amply illustrated the *essence* of Modern Newspapers, we shall close the present dissertation with a concise historical view of this class of publications.

An investigation and developement of the origin, progress, and history of *all literary*

*journals*, whether diurnal or otherwise periodical, would prove extremely interesting to the philologer; as such a disquisition would serve to delineate the progress of knowledge, the amelioration of society, and the expansion of intellect. The present period is, perhaps, more propitious to such an undertaking than any former, for now the spirit of enquiry and research seems to pervade the literary world, and every reflecting mind requires demonstrative evidence or fact. To this spirit we are indebted for many substantial works, and it is this spirit that has suggested *new* literary journals. What extraordinary differences in the state of literature do we behold between the years 1700 and 1800? At the former period only a few \* *periodical* papers were known, though at the latter there were *seventy-four* Reviews, Magazines, and Newspapers, published in the *British metropolis*, besides *eighty-four* weekly newspapers issued in the country. When we reflect on the genius and learning employed in this

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\* In 1696 there was not *one daily* paper published, though it appears by an advertisement in the Athenian Gazette, that *nine weekly* newspapers were then printed.



vast mass of literary intelligence, and take into consideration the number of persons deriving amusement, instruction, and subsistence from the same source, we feel an association of ideas astonishing and delightful. We find ourselves ennobled and exalted by the comparison; for as literature is the high-road to knowledge, that must be travelled with more safety and ease, when it abounds with accommodations, is kept in tolerable good order, and is provided with various vehicles for conducting the traveller to the end of his journey.

The ingenious Mr. D'Israeli has stated, that the *first literary journal* acquired its origin in France. It was entitled "*Journal des Sçavans*," and the first number was published on 30th of May, 1665. But previous to this period we shall find some newspapers, &c. published in *England*; and, according to a passage in Tacitus, it appears, that a sort of Manuscript Newspaper was circulated in the Roman states, for the purpose of communicating public intelligence to the soldiers and people.

In a note to Mr. Murphy's interesting translation of Tacitus, he regrets the loss of these diurnals (or newspapers), as they probably would contain many curious particulars relating to the private life and manners of the ostentatious Romans.

The first newspaper, published in England, is dated July 28, 1588. It is called THE ENGLISH MERCURY, a copy of which is preserved in the British Museum. Another private newspaper, entitled THE WEEKLY COURANT was printed in London 1622, and in 1639. appeared one by Robert Baker, Newcastle. The next was called "*Diurnal Occurrences of Parliament*," Nov. 1641: this was succeeded by the Mercuries, which appear to have commenced with the MERCURIUS RUSTICUS; or, *the Countries Complaint of the barbarous outrages* began in the year 1642, by the Sectaries of this *once flourishing kingdom*, &c. This journal of *horrid outrages*, (the effects of violent revolutionists) was edited by Bruno Ryves, and is said to have been originally published in "one, and sometimes two

sheets quarto," commencing on the 22d of August, 1642. It has since gone through four editions, the last published in 1723, with a curious frontispiece, representing a kind of *Dutch Mercury* in the centre, and ten other compartments, with *fancied* views of places, where some of the diabolical scenes were acted.

The *MERCURIUS AULICUS* was published at Oxford by Berkenhead, in January 1642. This was continued in a weekly quarto sheet, until about the end of 1645, after which time it only made an occasional appearance.\*

Some other papers of this kind were published with the following titles:—*MERCURIUS BRITANNICUS, communicating the affairs of Great Britain, for the better information of the people*, by Marchmont Needham." "*MERCURIUS PRAGMATICUS*," by the same pen. "*MERCURIUS POLITICUS*," appeared every Wednesday, in two sheets quarto, commencing

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\* *Athenæ Oxoniensis*, Vol. 2, p. 640.

on the 9th of June, 1649, and ending on the 6th of June, 1656, when the editor recommenced with a new series of numbers, and continued till the middle of April, 1660. At this time an order from the Council of State prohibited the paper, and Henry Muddiman and Giles Dury were *authorized* to publish the news, every Monday and Thursday, in the "*Parliamentary Intelligencer* and *Mercurius Politicus*." In 1663, Sir Roger L'Estrange commenced two political journals in behalf of the Crown, entitled, "The Public Intelligencer," and "The News." These were published twice a week, in quarto sheets; the first commencing on the "31st of August," and the other on the 3d of September, 1663. The Gazette\* seems to have superseded these, for L'Estrange discontinued his papers upon the appearance of the OXFORD GAZETTE, (Nov. the 7th, 1665.) It obtained this appellation in

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\* Mr. Walpole observes, that "Renaudot, a physician, first published at Paris, in 1631, a *Gazette*, so called from gazetto, a coin of Venice paid for the reading of manuscript news."

consequence of the English Parliament being *then* held at Oxford. The King and his Court returning to the metropolis, was accompanied by the official paper, which has retained the name of "*The London Gazette*," from the 5th of Feb. 1666, to the present time. The first *daily paper*, after the Revolution, was called "*The Orange Intelligencer*;" and from that time to the present, we observe a progressive augmentation in the numbers and quality of Newspapers.

To conclude our narrative of Newspapers, we shall avail ourselves of Dr. Johnson's sentiments on this subject. In the 30th Number of the *Idler*, he observes—"No species of literary men has lately been so much multiplied as the writers of news. Not many years ago the nation was content with one Gazette; but now we have not only in the metropolis, papers for every morning and every evening, but almost every large town has its weekly historian, who regularly circulates his periodical intelligence, and fills the villages of his district with *conjectures* on the events of war, and with debates on the *true interest* of Europe.

‘ To write News in perfection requires such a combination of qualities, that a man completely fitted for the task is not always to be found. In Sir Henry Wotton’s jocular definition, ‘ *An Ambassador*’ is said to be ‘ *a man of virtue sent abroad to tell lies for the advantage of his country; a news-writer is a man without virtue, who writes at home for his own profit.*’

“ In time of war the nation is always of one mind, eager to hear something good of themselves, and ill of the enemy. At this time the task of News-writers is easy: they have nothing to do but to tell that a battle is expected, and afterwards that a battle has been fought, in which we and our friends, whether conquering or conquered, *did all*, and our enemies did *nothing.*”

## Dissertation IV.

### PLEASURES OF LITERATURE.

*Puffing, Magazines, Reviews, Criticism.*

NEWSPAPERS are the chartered vehicles of puffing, and they are latterly tolerably well filled with this sort of lumber. As we have not yet attained the achme of perfectibility,\* and as much credulity still exists in this *enlightened* nation, there are a set of persons who obtain not only their livelihood, but great fortunes, by preying upon the weakness and ignorance of their fellow-creatures. As the latter are rather of the goose-ish species, the former may be

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\* It has been a favourite theory, or reverie, of some authors and orators, to contend, that human nature will attain absolute *perfection*; and that the organization of society must ultimately arrive at perfectibility. Reader, if you do not clearly understand this, we must refer you to several works that were published soon after the *amiable* Thomas Paine cabbaged his "*Rights of Man*."



classed with the eagle tribe; and, though they seldom soar into the higher regions of wisdom, yet they are often seen hovering in the midway tract of cunning. Like the fox, they have many artful ways to seduce their prey; yet that most generally practised, is known by the name of, Puff. This name, like that of Proteus, does not plainly define any one thing: for the former, like the latter, is incessantly changing. To-day it appears on a hackney-coach;\* yesterday it was seen in a small hand-bill against a wall; and, at another time, it may be recognised at the corner of a street, in the shape of an illuminated tin box. Sometimes it is squeezed into the *lumber-corner* of a Newspaper, at another time it occupies a front row; and sometimes it appears in the shape of a portrait, or a *pretty* picturesque view of a *gentleman's seat*.†

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\* The era of this invention is defined: and may be decidedly dated January, 1807. In this month the lottery offices engaged an old hackney-coach, which they *covered* with *hand-bills* and *arm-bills* (i. e. bills too long for the hand) and directed the coachman to drive it through London streets, day after day.

† There are gentlemen, or rather men of property, who

“ Puffs,” says Mr. Sheridan, in the Critic, “ are of various sorts: the principal are, the PUFF DIRECT, the PUFF PRELIMINARY, the PUFF COLLATERAL, the PUFF COL- LUSIVE, and the PUFF OBLIQUE, or puff by implication. These all assume, as circumstances may require, the various forms of *Letter to the Editor* — *Occasional Anecdote* — *Impartial Critique*—*Observation from Correspondent*—*Advertisement from the Party*,” &c.

Since the birth-day of Mr. Sheridan's Critic, the Science of Puffing has been greatly improved, amazingly diversified, and highly enriched. Mr. Puff was certainly a very clever practitioner in this profession, but the efforts of modern genius have completely eclipsed his most studied effusions. At the time when the Spectators were overlooking the *vices* and follies of the times, puffing was confined to the auction room ; but it has since grown into

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have drawings and engravings made of their own heads, or of their houses, for the purpose of *giving away*. These are sometimes stuck before the title of a book, and sometimes stitched up in magazines.

a regular business, and there are some persons who seem to have served an apprenticeship to it. In some houses, there is one clerk constantly employed in this line: and in two or three large firms, where there are several partners, one of them has the exclusive management of this department. Though lottery speculators and empirics are the great heroes in this science, yet certain booksellers have lately preferred their claims in this eventful field of honour. But it may be held as an unexceptionable rule—

THAT WHEREVER THERE IS MUCH PUFFING, THERE IS LITTLE TALENT: AND WHERE EVERY THING IS RECOMMENDED AS EXCELLENT, THERE IS SCARCELY ONE THING ENTITLED TO THAT PHRASE.

Bad articles require to be gilded; but the productions of genuine merit are when

“Unadorn’d, adorn’d the most.”

Since Newspapers are so numerous, and the proprietors, and all persons employed on them,

have to obtain a livelihood or a fortune from them, it is not at all surprising that they should generally be the vehicles of puffs. In these journals, it is no uncommon thing to find roguery whitewashing itself, and villainy drawing a false portrait of its own person, to seduce mankind, and deceive the unwary.

The following paragraphs are particularly recommended to the attention of the Editors of Newspapers, who may insert them in their *light columns*, among the *fashionable intelligence*: and, if the advertising taxgatherer demands his usual duty,\* please to draw on H. Benevolus, and Co. at the publishers.

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*Literary Gossiping.*—"We hear that several eminent wits have lately exercised their pens in descanting on the "*Pleasures of Human Life*"; and that some artists of the first-rate taste and talents are employed to embellish the poignantly satirical pages of that work."

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\* It may not be generally known, that every paragraph of the nature of an advertisement, is charged, like the latter, with a duty of *three shillings*.

*How to puff your own Book.*

A CARD.

HILARIS BENEVOLUS & Co. respectfully acquaint the Literati in particular, and the public in general, that “*The Pleasures of Human Life*” will be ready for delivery on the 21st day of February, 1807; but, from the vast number of orders already received, it is feared they cannot supply the whole demand in the *first* edition: a second is therefore printing, and will be ready for publication in the course of three weeks at farthest.

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It is whispered in the literary circles, that “*The Pleasures of Human Life*” promises to exceed in popularity the “*Miseries, &c.*”

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*A Shocking Accident.*—Yesterday, Lady C——, and her three amiable daughters visited the Bank of England, and demanded *gold* for a five hundred pound bank-note. In returning, the carriage stopped at the end of

Paternoster row: and, while the footman was going to Longman and Co.'s for three copies of the popular book, "THE PLEASURES OF HUMAN LIFE," the horses took fright, ran away with the carriage, and upset it going down Skinner-street. Though the vehicle was dashed to pieces, we are happy to state, that the lovely ladies escaped without sustaining any material injury.

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Two or three other specimens of puffing (*not our own*) will serve to show that much ingenuity, *wit*, and originality are occasionally exercised in this style of composition. The examples will amply illustrate themselves, and therefore do not require any elucidatory notes.

A Gentleman, distinguished for *wit* and humour, observed, the other evening, "that the approaching 12th Day was put off to the 13th January." "How so?" cried one of the company. "Why, Sir, (replied the Humourist,) Fortune will begin to divide, on the latter day, the richest *Cake* ever known, of which the first slice will be worth 20,000l.; nay, possibly 50,000l." There was truth and point in this *jeu d'esprit*; and it is not unworthy the

attention of all who have not yet become Candidates for the numerous and immense Prizes in the Lottery, which now stands so near at issue.

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**AN ECLIPSE.**—This day an eclipse of an extraordinary nature may be seen by the inhabitants of London, during which darkness will be truly visible; it may be viewed to advantage in Hyde Park should the weather permit, where the feet of every Beauty will convince the admiring spectator that **FAWCETT'S BRILLIANT FLUID** eclipses every rival Blacking.

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It is not uncommon to hear people observe, that such and such a person "jumped into a fortune." The next month will be productive of a very considerable number of instances of this description, in consequence of the momentous Lottery Scheme, which so speedily stands at issue. Indeed, such as are not induced to try to make a "fortunate leap," on an occasion when the wheel of the wealth-giving Dame possesses so many great Prizes, with two at the head of 30,000*l.* each, it is difficult to say what rich temptation can operate on them with more effect.

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**IMMENSE WEALTH.**—The talents of adventurers have, in all ages, been employed in numerous speculations in pursuit of this desirable attainment. In the sixteenth century, several of the most considerable families in France expended vast sums in chemical endeavours to discover



the philosopher's stone, which, it was expected, would convert all metals into silver and gold; but how exultingly must the many thousands of the present day, who are now enjoying the pleasures of opulence, gained by a very small risk in the Lottery, contemplate the insufficient attempts of their predecessors: and with what pleasure must every one perceive that the present State Lottery, which begins Drawing the 13th of January, will afford them the chance, by the purchase of a single Ticket, of gaining the enormous sum of Sixty Thousand Pounds.

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Such are some of the ingenious tricks daily employed through the medium of the public papers, to awaken curiosity, and stimulate the babbling tongue to conversation. But all these are far surpassed in originality, genius, and point by the following *poetical* hand-bill, which was written by the ingenious Mr. Bisset, of Birmingham:

INSTEAD OF  
A FARCE,

When the *French* are laid low,

AND

BRITONS TRIUMPHANT

Have *vanquish'd* the FOE!

Returning from CONQUEST—they'll all do their *Duty*,  
And join with their *Monarch* and each *British Beauty*!

To *Heav'n* a Tribute of incense they'll raise,  
Ascribing to GOD—all the *Honour* and *Praise*!

TE DEUM

With Fervor, by Old and by Young,  
In all *British Churches*—with Zeal will be sung.

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AND THEN, TO CONCLUDE,

All our Brave Volunteers,

WILL JOIN

ENGLISH SAILORS

IN

THREE LOYAL CHEERS!

THE WHOLE

BRITISH EMPIRE

*In CHORUS will Sing,*  
The Blessings of Freedom!

AND

“God Save the King!”

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Tickets to be had at the Author's Museum, Birmingham.

## MAGAZINES, AND REVIEWS.

NEXT to Newspapers, the above works may be said to constitute the most popular class of reading; not even excepting the *insipid, illiterate, and tasteless* novel. The history of Magazines with their aggregate and relative characteristics, may be pretty easily defined; for there are persons still living who remember the time when the *first* of them made its appearance in England. In 1731, Mr. Edward Cave commenced the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which, according to Dr. Kippis, may be considered as constituting "a new epocha in the literary history of this country. The periodical performances before that time were almost wholly confined to political transactions, and to foreign and domestic occurrences; but the Monthly Magazines have opened a way for every kind of enquiry and information. The intelligence and discussion contained in them are very extensive and various; and they have been the means of diffusing a general habit of reading through the nation, which, in a certain degree, hath enlarged the public understanding. Many young authors,

who have afterwards risen to considerable eminence in the literary world, have here made their first attempts in composition.”\*

Soon after the *Gentleman's*, appeared the *London Magazine*: and, though the latter has long been discontinued, the former still flourishes; and, what is very unusual, appears as strong in its old age as in its infancy. In the year 1739 appeared the first number of “*the Scots Magazine*,” at Edinburgh; and this work, we believe, is still in the progress of publication.

That this branch of literature tends to elucidate and confirm the title of this dissertation, must be admitted: and, as it clearly appears from the above statement, compared with the following list of Monthly Publications, that the present age is thirty-nine times more prolific; it may be fairly inferred, that *we* are thirty-nine times more learned, more enlightened, and *more happy*, than the poor illiterate people of 1731. Another inference may be deduced from the comparison, that as a *few* writers then were

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\* *Biographia Britannica*—Article *CAVE*.

slaves to others, now *thousands* are slaves to their own wild theories and prejudices; for a very few years back, the public was precluded from a knowledge of the debates, &c. in parliament, which now constitutes one of John Bull's *greatest* pleasures; whereas this subject forms a leading and attracting feature in the Newspapers, and other periodical works of the present age.

By the following *long* list of Magazines and Reviews *now* publishing in London, the reader may see, at one view, what a quantity of learning and *labour* is periodically employed in these works; and, from the number of the latter, with reviewing magazines,\* he may conclude that *criticism* constitutes a much-coveted pleasure of literature. A foreigner, not well acquainted with these works, may *fancy*, that where there are so many *critical constables*, the

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\* Those Magazines distinguished by a \* have a certain portion of their pages appropriated to a critical review of books, &c. Thus, where there is so much *laudable* competition and rivalry, the purchaser may confidently expect *excellence*.

républic of letters must be well regulated, and admirably guarded:—some persons may, however, draw a different conclusion, and say, that where so many public *censors* are required, there must be much public vice.

## MAGAZINES.

|                                 | s. | d. |
|---------------------------------|----|----|
| The Athenæum *                  | 2  | 0  |
| Agricultural Magazine . . . . . | 1  | 6  |
| Britannic Mag. . . . .          | 1  | 0  |
| Botanical Mag. . . . .          | 3  | 0  |
| Christian Observer . . . . .    | 1  | 0  |
| *Evangelical Mag. . . . .       |    | 6  |
| *European Mag. . . . .          | 1  | 6  |
| *Gentleman's Mag. . . . .       | 1  | 6  |
| Gospel Mag. . . . .             |    | 9  |

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\* Though this is the *last* Magazine published, (i. e. the newest) it is the *first* and only one, that has announced the name of its Editor, Dr. Aikin; as the ANNUAL REVIEW, by A. Aikin, is the only critical work that manifests the same judicious liberality. When men of talent and integrity thus sanction such works, they certainly have stronger claims on our confidence, and are more entitled to our patronage, than the doubtful and suspicious publications of this kind were formerly.

## MAGAZINES.

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|   | s. | d. |
|---|----|----|
| *Literary Recreations . . . . .                             | 1  | 6  |
| *Literary Panorama . . . . .                                | 2  | 6  |
| Ladies Mag. . . . .   | 1  | 0  |
| *Ladies Museum . . . . .                                    | 1  | 0  |
| *La Belle Assemblée . . . . .                               | 2  | 6  |
| *Le Beau Monde . . . . .                                    | 2  | 6  |
| Medical and Physical Journal . . . .                        | 2  | 6  |
| *Monthly Repository of Theology and<br>Literature . . . . . | 1  | 0  |
| Methodist Mag. . . . .                                      |    | 6  |
| *Monthly Mag. . . . .                                       | 1  | 6  |
| *Monthly Mirror . . . . .                                   | 1  | 6  |
| Naval Chronicle . . . . .                                   | 2  | 6  |
| Naturalist's Miscellany . . . . .                           | 2  | 6  |
| Orthodox Churchman . . . . .                                | 1  | 6  |
| Philosophical Journal . . . . .                             | 2  | 6  |
| Philosophical Mag. . . . .                                  | 2  | 6  |
| Repertory of Arts and Manufactures .                        | 2  | 6  |
| Records of Literature . . . . .                             | 1  | 6  |
| Sporting Mag. . . . .                                       | 1  | 6  |
| Theological and Biblical Mag. . . .                         |    | 6  |
| *Universal Mag. . . . .                                     | 1  | 6  |



## REVIEWS.

|                                    | <i>l.</i> | <i>s.</i> | <i>d.</i> |
|------------------------------------|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| Annual Review (a large volume) .   | 1         | 1         | 0         |
| Anti-jacobin Review . . . . .      | 2         | 6         |           |
| British Critic . . . . .           | 2         | 6         |           |
| Critical Review . . . . .          | 2         | 6         |           |
| Eclectic Review . . . . .          | 1         | 6         |           |
| Edinburgh Review (quarterly) . . . | 5         | 0         |           |
| Literary Journal and Review . . .  | 2         | 6         |           |
| Monthly Review . . . . .           | 2         | 6         |           |
| Medical and Surgical Review . . .  | 1         | 6         |           |
| Oxford Review . . . . .            | 2         | 6         |           |

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Merciful heaven!!—what a critical gauntlet a poor devil of an author is obliged to run now-a-days! What formidable crouds of Annual, Quarterly, Monthly, Weekly, and Daily Reviews he is obliged to pass and squeeze his way through, before he can fairly confront the public: and should he, at length, fortunately face this liberal and naturally-candid patron, he must appear under many disadvantages—of scratched face, ragged clothes, or somehow

bespattered. Thus assailed, and thus maltreated, he can scarcely hold up his head; and his mortified ambition is often doomed "to bite the dust." Many of these critical judges pass sentence before the jury has pronounced a verdict: and should the poor culprit ever demand a new trial, a similar summary process is adopted. Indeed, Gentlemen Reviewers, this is neither acting kindly nor charitably. Remember that an author, whether male or female, has feelings, and hopes, and fears: and that in proportion to the warmth of the heart, and sincerity of the head, are these operated on. In flogging and frightening such Sonnet-teers as *little Anacreon*, you are laudably and honourably employed. In *hunting* down a sporting Colonel, who may *shoot game* by licence, but who has neglected to take out a licence for murdering and maiming the English language, you are in pursuit of fair *game*: in *dosing* some of the anti-vaccinists,\* you are

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\* For an impartial, learned, and able account of the books that have been published on this Subject, see *Edinburgh Review*, No. XVIII.

likely to produce a pleasing convalescence: \* and in strongly, vigorously, and vehemently opposing every literary work that is manufactured by ignorance, or pushed into notoriety by puffing impudence, you are fulfilling your duty as citizens of the world, and your official functions as critical judges. Respecting ourselves, we shall say but little, and would recommend you

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*\*Pleasures of Vaccination.*

——“*Pox* take it!” how ridiculous is the conduct of those cavillers who deny a fair trial to any probable improvement!! The anti-vaccinists seem to be of this order; or, they may be said to be students of the “Miserable” school; and, having studied only the *disfigured* subject, think, that beauty and rosy health are inimical to *their profession*. The fact is, SMALL *Pox* brings *great* business to the medical tribe; and those who *drive* through the town for trade, don’t like to be jostled by such a vulgar enemy as a *cow-herd*—thereby proving themselves *cow-ards*. “Let’s hunt vaccination out of society,” has been, and still is, the cry of many; but Philanthropy exclaims, “Fie on’t! fie on’t! are ye Englishmen? and is this the nineteenth century, when one of the greatest blessings of life demands a fair trial, and you endeavour to bribe the judge and impose upon the jury? I am really ashamed of such proceedings! as they tend to degrade a country where I have purchased a considerable *freehold*, and where I hoped to be comfortably settled for life.”

to say still less. Not that we fear your lashes, or care for your plaudits; but we cannot help thinking, that you may be more usefully employed. There are plenty of books for your notice, without this; and many of them works of merit, that would do credit to your recommendations; others so bad, that you would perform a public charity in castigating and exposing them. As for ours, it is like some of Doctor Cordial's prescriptions—quite *harmless*. It does not soar for the higher regions of fancy, nor will it creep in the kennels of grovelling insipidity. It is not intended to inform the scientific student, nor enlighten the exalted statesman: its purpose, indeed, will be fully answered, if it detects and exposes one lurking folly, or makes a man or woman more happy in themselves, or tempts them to administer to the pleasures of others.

With this meek humility of aspect, you surely will not be so cruel as to crush him. Should you, however, deem it necessary to notice him in your annals, and feel disposed to *be civil* or partial, we will accommodate you with

*A few Critiques ready made.*

You need then only mark any passage which is most congenial to your own sentiment, with one or two quotations from the beginning, middle, or end of the book; send the whole to the printer, and we can confidently say, that your review of it will be as *impartial, explanatory, and erudite*, as many that appear in *certain Reviews and Magazines*, which at present shall be —nameless.

## RECEIPTS FOR REVIEWING.

ART. I.—*The Pleasures, &c.*

Though it be rather beneath the dignity of our review to notice the ephemeral productions of the day, yet, from an accidental circumstance we were tempted to take up the work above specified, and shall barely announce the title to our readers, with saying, that if it has not our unqualified approbation, we do not perceive that it contains much objectionable matter. Of rather a satirical tendency, it embraces strictures on some of the prevailing

vices and follies of the age; and though the satire is not remarkable for its pungency, it is occasionally apposite. This, perhaps, our readers will perceive in the following passage, which we extract as a fair specimen of the work :

[*Extract from page        to page        .*]

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ART. II.—*The Pleasures, &c.*

In the present deplorable situation of affairs, it would certainly be an inestimable acquisition to find *pleasure* any where. It surely cannot be found on the European Continent; and taxed and oppressed as we are in England, it is almost impossible to find *comfort*, much less pleasure. In the fruitful plains of fancy, the poet may contemplate *imaginary* bliss, and the writer of romance may describe felicity and perpetual sunshine: but we, who look at the country, and at man, with the unprejudiced eye of philosophy, cannot help deploring the miserable state of the one, and degraded condition of the other. Thus circumstanced, we

pity the authors of the work before us, for sacrificing so much time in the vain and fruitless search after pleasure. Yet these sophists argue with some degree of ingenuity, "that every man may be happy if he will."

[*Extract from page            to page            .*]

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### ART. III.—*The Pleasures, &c.*

The Man of Pleasure and the Woman of Pleasure are as opposite in their manners and pursuits, to the Philosopher and Housewife, as black and white, or good and evil. While one is seeking delight only through the medium of the grosser senses, the other is cultivating the garden of the mind, and enriching the storehouse of intellect. Thus, whilst the one is calculated to benefit the world, the other is degrading his own species, and entailing misery on himself and family. After Akenside had successfully sung the *Pleasures* of Imagination, others tuned their lyres to the *Pleasures* of Memory, of Hope, &c. — Poets, indeed, will sometimes



adopt a system of the Booksellers, and attract public curiosity by an adoption of some popular title; thus hoping to arrest the eye, if not endeavouring to engage the mind. Pleasure may be considered as a species of game, in the pursuit of which every human being turns sportsman: and as in the sports of the field, so here, various kinds and qualities of game are to be found. While the *Miser* is hunting his money *into* cover, the *Spendthrift* is destroying his whole stock. In literature, also, there is much hunting, coursing, shooting, angling, and harpooning: but few of the *sports* come within our manor. It unfortunately falls to our lot to be mere whippers-in: and we shall close our present chase by exhibiting the *brush* of the game here “run in upon.”

[*Extract about a page from the end of the book.*]

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DIRECTIONS to a REVIEWER *how to write a long and learned Critique about the Pleasures of Life, &c.*

First, examine your common-place book, dictionaries, and a few alphabetical gleanings from celebrated authors, and thereby endeavour to ascertain what you have either written yourself, or any of your friends, on the same subject, or upon any point that collaterally coincides with it. Then descant freely and fully upon it; and if you can contrive to glance at some part of the book under consideration it will be *useful*: not that it is *absolutely necessary*. If you wish to display your *own* reading and learning, quote freely from the most popular writers, and dilate with unrestrained freedom upon favourite topics. Do not select any passages from the book under review, but such as will give you a fair opportunity to controvert, cut up, or pun upon. As for the feelings or reputation of the author, they are beneath your notice: you are to bear in mind, that nothing but roaring, *thund'ring* criticism,

will make a *noise* in the world, and without you can create a *loud* report, nobody will buy, or talk about your review. Remember that you are more *directly interested* in displaying your *own* talents, than in exhibiting those of your authors; and, that, as *satire* is more generally relished than *praise*, you must exert all your powers in that species of literary artillery. A General will never obtain the exalted title of *hero* by exercising charity or humanity: and you must never expect to *shine* in your profession, by candour, liberality, or discrimination.

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#### A TRUE CRITIC.

“It has been advanced by Addison,” observes Dr. Johnson, in the 93d No. of his Rambler, “as one of the characteristics of a TRUE CRITIC, that he points out *beauties*, rather than *faults*. But it is rather natural for a man of learning and genius, to apply himself to the study of writers who have more beauties than faults to be displayed; for the *duty of Criticism* is neither to depreciate, nor dignify by *par-*

*tial representations*, but to hold out the light of reason, whatever it may discover; and to promulgate the determinations of truth, whatever she shall dictate."

## Dissertation V.

## PLEASURES OF LAW.

*Expounded with BREVITY, and discussed philosophically.*

WE have already intimated, that there is much Wit in the Law : this we shall endeavour to exemplify in the sequel ; for, determined to find pleasure in every thing, we may, by exercising this disposition, strike a spark of wit out of any *hard* substance ; and most people are willing to admit that the law is *hard* enough. All persons allow that law has its *Uses*,\* and some have feelingly proved that it has its pleasures. Now the good maxim of the poet is, *quod medicorum est promittunt medici* ; let doctors alone for giving physic, and writing on medicine : and the corresponding

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\* See Bacon on *Uses* : and the Statute of *Uses*. Of the latter, Lord Chancellor Hardwick spoke very favourably, though its principal merit consisted in changing *three words in the form of a conveyance*.

axiom of the Law is *cuiquam in sua arte perito credendum est*; which means, very nearly, “let the cobbler stick to his last, and not talk of what he does not understand.” Before, therefore, we ventured to pronounce authoratively, that any pleasure can be extracted from Law, as bees suck honey from flowers, and donkeys feed upon thistles, which little boys foolishly think are fit only to sting them, we determined to proceed by rule, to lay our case before a lawyer, and take the opinion of counsel; and then fairly undertake to prove to all the world, that Law, which has hitherto been considered only as a necessary evil, is a positive good, and productive of pleasure. In this, we know, that we differ from the profound author of the *History of John Bull*,\* who expressly entitles Law a *bottomless-Pit*; thereby insinuating, that it is like a hell upon earth to be in Law, and that all those who are engaged in the Law are no better than devils incarnate. That learned author, though a pious man, was, however, very

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\* *Dean Swift* must have been a profound as well as an elegant author, since he wrote a treatise, *peri-bathous*, on the profound, or the art of sinking.

much of a cynic, and sprung from a branch of the *Testy* family, grafted upon the ancient stock of the *Crabtrees*. Besides, we do not therefore intend to be circumscribed by one, who from a *witty* man has long become a *grave* man, and shall pay no more obedience to him than his own Jack did to the Anathemas of Lord Peter.\*

We went, therefore, to consult our Lawyer, who is one of our corporation, and though a Lawyer, is a very honest, plain-spoken sort of a man. He is, it is true, the least mirthful, and perhaps the most cynical, of our whole body. His face has something severe in it, together with a penetration and austerity in his eyes, staring from under a dark beetle-brow, that, were it not for an occasional pair of spectacles, by which they are somewhat hidden, would give but little token of the benignity of his character, or the pleasure which he derives from his profession. He is somewhat like a late iron-faced Chancellor, who had nothing

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\* See Swift's Tale of a Tub—a truly lusorical work.



about him iron, except his countenance, and perhaps his wig, which was a sort of *Iron* grey, and which, as well as his honest, plain, blunt manners, may be said to have appeared a little rusty in a court where fawning and insincerity take place of every thing genuine and true-hearted, and where, even in this *iron age*, gold carries every thing before it. Like this truly-venerable character, our friend wears, under a somewhat rough outside, a really benevolent heart; and, though he sometimes can't help growling at "the *Law's delay*," as well as at the follies and the vices of mankind, with both of which, being a lawyer, he is in no small degree acquainted, he has a kind feeling for the frailties, and an earnest desire for the felicity of his fellow-beings.

To such a man, therefore, we could not do better than to apply, through Doctor Specific, who, besides being an old college acquaintance, claims some degree of kindred, that is kindred of degree with him, since both are Doctors, the one L. L. D. F. R. S. A. S. S.; the other, M. D. F. R. S. and Coll. Reg. Med. Soc. The Doctor, also, being well acquainted with

the formalities of a *consultation*, upon a difficult, that is, a bad or desperate case, communicated the object of our mission, and put to him the following plain question, or simple query ;—“ Whether law has its pleasures ; and if it hath, what, and how many they are ; and if not, why not ? ”\* This *lucid* manner of ques-

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\* Such of our readers as may doubt the propriety of this form of interrogation and may not have read a bill in Chancery, we refer to the files of the court, where they will find much entertainment. There is a humorous account current among the profession, of a bill filed against an architect, for the building a granary, so defectively, that a great quantity of rats got in and ate up the corn. It first charges that divers, to wit, 100,000 rats, 100,000 mice, 100,000 grey rats, 100,000 black rats, 100,000 white mice, and 100,000 grey mice, together with divers, to wit, 100,000 dormice, through divers holes, chinks, crannies, apertures, and other places, did penetrate, insinuate themselves, gain admission, and get into the said barn, &c. and then it requires in the interrogatories to the said bill, that the said defendant should, in his answer, more particularly answer and set forth whether any and what number of rats, mice, and dormice, (ringing the changes on each as above) did get in, through the said chinks, and crannies, or otherwise, and eat up and consume, any and what quantity of the corn and grain therein being ; and if not, why not ? &c.

tioning his friend, the doctor had lately learned from a bill in Chancery, in the course of a cause in which he had been examined to prove the sanity of a very charitable patient of his, who, having six or seven fine children, which he ought to have provided for, though he never *owned them*, died and left his whole fortune to the Asylum, for orphan children; and the Magdalen, or penitentiary house for reforming prostitutes. To both of these Institutions, he had been ostensibly, or rather *ostentatiously*, a governor, and, perhaps, secretly, a promoter, by providing divers objects, both for the one, and the other.

To this sage query, our Counsellor, saving, and reserving to himself, all, and all manner of exceptions (by which scientific mode of response, he preserved the form of an answer in Chancery;) for his answer thereto, nevertheless in that behalf answering said, as follows.—“Why friend *Specific*, if I had not before known thee to be a Doctor, that is, a Medical Doctor, or as you say, a medical man, I should have known by your question, that you are not a Doctor of *Laws*, or though polite enough to be

a *civil* Doctor are not practised in our Courts, or read in our Law authorities. For had you run through *Coke* upon *Lyttleton*, (and you know *Coke* has as little of wit as a burnt coal, technically called *Coke*, has of flame, and therefore can't be supposed to joke) hath put all that matter at rest long ago ; for in that immortal and *amusing* work, he has most clearly proved, by the plainest etymology possible, that *placita*, *pleas*, which are the very foundation of all Law proceedings, are so called, "*quia bene placitare*, ANTE OMNIA *bene placet*," because "*good pleas* are pleasing above all things." So that, according to this irrefragable doctrine, the "*common pleas*," where you think the serjeants do nothing but drone, and, at the *best*, now a days make sad patch-work of wit, and humour, is the most *pleasing* spot on earth ; and a special pleader, whom the vulgar think the dullest of all dull quibblers, is really a very *pleas-ant* fellow. Of this latter gentleman, indeed, the world begins to know a little, since the publication of the *pleasant* poem, called "*The Pleader's Guide*" which, if you have not read, I intreat you to purchase immediately ; and you will laugh more in one minute,

involuntarily, than you *can* laugh, if you would, at all the *real miseries* of human life. The special pleader I would venture to prove, has more of fancy, more of the true poetic fiction, than all our modern poets put together; for scarcely one thing that he says in all his *declarations*, is true to the fact; though he takes every thing that he does not mean to rely upon by *protestation*,\* which is a little preposterous, and concludes his pleas with “*hoc paratus est verificare*,” or, “this he is ready to verify.” As to the *when* and the *where*, it is true he puts you off with an *et cetera*.† This, according to the penetrating Lord Coke, is always a phrase of

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\* When a party in pleading has selected a single point upon which to rest his bar or plea, he is often obliged to insert what is called a protestation on some other fact that might otherwise be taken against him, and which Coke pithily and quaintly calls an “exclusion of a conclusion;” but that which he takes, as it is called by protestation he is never put to prove, and it is of no avail, unless the issue on the bar or material plea is found for him.

† When a defendant has concluded his plea, if it contains matter to be judged of by the court, as matter of law, he says, “this he is ready to verify, &c.”—This “*et cetera*” is an abbreviation for “when and where the court shall require”—or some phrase of similar import.

great importance; meaning no less, in law, than a dash, or a blank, or five stars do in secret history; and this important word occurs very many times in *Lyttleton's Tenures*, thereby intimating divers knotty points, and subtle distinctions. A pleader is naturally such a dealer in romance, that the law has given him perfect license to tell fibs, (wherein consists most of his humour,) with perfect impunity. Thus, as it declares that the king can do no wrong, which, some say, is itself a mere fiction of the Law, so " *fictio legis nemini injuriam facit,*" that is, "legal fictions can do no one any harm,"\* thereby plainly intimating that lawyers, like common jokers, and common liars, so seldom speak the truth, that their fibs are never believed.

It must be confessed that this love of fiction has gone rather to an extreme amongst our pleaders, and made them do a positive violence

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\* Whence those who contend that the above axiom is a fiction of law, must also confess that it is a perfectly harmless one.

to truth, whose nature is really pure, sacred and eternal. I mean, inasmuch as they have sometimes declared, that truth, divine, incorruptible, and lovely truth, is in the eye of the Law, (I am sure it must be in the eye of the Law only,) a *libel*.

I shall not touch further upon so delicate a subject, lest, perchance, I may be caught telling truth at an improper season, myself; and though I do not suspect you of being an informer, yet as you, doctor, are writing down, and mean to publish all I say, I may, perhaps, be found guilty of a libel! and by the evidence of witnesses who, tho' sworn foes to truth, in such a prosecution, would be also sworn to "*to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.*"\*

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\* The careless, indifferent and mechanical manner in which *Oaths*, are commonly administered in courts of law, and in various public offices, is a shameful prostitution of their sacred and solemn nature. When the bible is handled by laced-coat men like a jest book, and the form of an affidavit is gabbled over as a charity school boy does the



To conclude, however, as to special pleaders, I know you always laugh at me, when I call them men of wit; but in plain truth, I believe, if you read their entries, their precedent books, and, more especially, their declarations, with divers *to wit* 100 cart loads of gravel, and then divers *to wit* 100 cart loads of other gravel, you will find that their *wit* will stare you in the face more plainly, and more frequently than in the *brilliant* jokes of Joe Miller, or the humours of Cervantes, insomuch, that there is really wit in every sentence, if not in every line that a pleader writes."

I confess, said Dr. *Specific*, you have answered most satisfactorily, most logically, and in a most truly *pleas-ing* manner my first question, which I admit, also renders my last unnecessary, the "if not, why not? But I wish you would give me some satisfaction as to the number and variety of the pleasures of the law;

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psalms, without rhyme, reason, expression or thinking; we cease to be surprised at the frequency of perjury, or at the *sang froid* with which some rogues will swear—to any thing.

as, for instance, the pleasures of the judge, of the jurymen, of the counsel, of the student, of the conveyancer, of the attorney; and lastly, to render your discourse more *striking*, you might lightly touch upon the pleasures of the bailiff, the culprit, and of Jack Ketch, who often gives the *finishing* stroke to these things. Doctor, replied the Lawyer, you have put to me a very comprehensive question indeed; I will not promise to gratify you upon every head, nor will I positively *demur* to your bill of *enquiry*, but will endeavour to lay before you such evidence upon some of these points, as will convince you that "*notwithstanding*" so much has been written and spoken against the law, and its professors, both of them possess many *pleasing* and *charming attractions*.

#### STUDENTS.

To begin with the very lowest degree in the ranks, from which the young lawyer, who aspires to be a judge, or a chancellor, commences his career. What various pleasures does the student enjoy! his is the season of youth, of hope, and of enterprise.—The study of the law it is said is dry; but I have endeavoured to prove it

otherwise: the rewards which it promises to the fancy of aspiring genius are great; and while the student sits from morning till night inking his fingers, and puzzling his brains, about *qui tam*, *special capias*, and *scire facias*, his evening slumbers, and morning thoughts, are gladdened with the visions of bushy flowing wigs, gracing the ermined shoulders, and beetle brows of the law officers, who like him, once plodded through the dark and dull ways of a special pleader's office.

During these dreams of future splendor, it is true, he must sometimes feel that, in a lottery, where such great prizes are to be drawn, the *hopes* of many must be disappointed; but even the indulgence of hope is itself a pleasure.

It is the grand stimulus to daring and persevering enterprize; and no pursuit requires a larger portion of it, than that in which the articulated clerk is engaged. I will admit that a young man who has formed his taste upon the model of the best poets, and orators of *Greece* and *Rome*, and who has studied the philosophy.

of *Plato*, of *Bacon*, and of *Locke*, the physics of *Newton*, and the dialectics of *Aristotle*, and has stored his mind with the morals and history of former ages, “*all*, or *some* of which, *Blackstone* recommends to be studied at one of the English Universities,” may feel some reluctance to copy the common-place trash of a special pleader’s office: yet if he expects to obtain *forensic* fame, he must quietly submit to this, and many other equally dull processes. Should the young articulated clerk be diligently inclined, and emulously pant for dignity and renown, he must perseveringly fag at the copying desk, and incessantly seek for knowledge, in spite of the folly, frivolity, and consummate puppyism of some of his fellow students. It frequently happens, that one of these “natty sparks” enters the office full charged with fun, and decorated in the very height of the *ton*, or a-la-mode Sir Skeffy: his boots shined, and shaped in the *first* style—whiskers cut and dressed by the most fashionable *barber*.\* In short, fully equip-

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\* *Barber*. We have ventured to revive this word lest our readers should be put to any difficulty, by the late

ped for a killing lounge in *Bond-street*, and *Pall-mall*; when instantly every eye is lifted from the desk, every pen drops, and the whole office rings with a general *buz*. A learned discussion is commenced on the length of a bootstrap, the crookedness of a cane, the tye of a cravat, or the form of a shoe-bow.

Such abstruse studies, and profound disquisitions, frequently occur in the office of the lawyer, in the counting house of the merchant, in the banker's cash rooms, and in various other

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disputes concerning the true pronunciation of the more common word *beard*; which that great master of Elocution, *Mr. J. P. Kemble*, has lately confounded with the word *bird*. A wit, it is said, upon hearing him talk of his beard in the new style of pronunciation asked him whether his *bird* was not a *black bird*.

We cannot omit here to justify the great actor for his very *correct* and classical delivery of the phrase, "I'll fill thy bones with aches;" which last word he pronounces *aitches*. It is clear that *Prospero* intended some dreadful punishment to *Caliban*; and how could he punish him more severely, than by filling his bones with aitches, i. e. making all the bones in his body *aitch-bones*?

places of *buckish* assemblage, and male frivolity : Hence an industrious, and truly worthy young man, is often sacrificed by such society.

Thus a beautiful virgin, formed by nature to delight, to fascinate, and to charm all beholders, has consented, in the hope of reaching heaven, to immerse herself in a cloister ; to link herself with croaking old nuns, and solemn, grave, and turtle-looking friars.

From these remarks, and from the observations that every person must make who reads the daily papers, or attends the different courts of justice, it must be evident that law abounds with pleasures : and that all persons from a Lord Chancellor, who has made a fortune by it, to a poor Client, who is ruined by persevering too long in its *bewitching* ways, must derive from the “law’s delay” much gratification and advantage.

Mr. Sarcasm, however, frequently observes in a string of similes, that “law is like a bottomless pit, or a patent coffin, for once in, you can never get out again. It is also like a well-

spun cobweb, where the spider and fly are represented by the lawyer and the client, get once entangled, and the more you struggle, the more you become involved. A Chancery suit is like the ocean, without bounds; interminable—deep. A counsellor's wig denotes the length of a Chancery suit; and the black coif behind, like a blistering plaster, seems to shew that law is a great irritator, and only to be used in cases of necessity. The satirical George Alexander Steevens thus defines law:

“ Law is law—law is law; and as in such and so forth, and whereby, and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding; law is like a country dance—people are led up and down in it 'till they are tired. Law is like a book of surgery; there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is also like physick, they that take the least of it, are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow: and it is like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us.”

Butler says, that “there is nothing certain



in law but expence,” and “that laws have no force till broken.” Pomfret declares he would “shun law suits as lions’ dens,” and Swift, who was never *slow* in wit, remarks of a lawyer,

“What pains he takes to be prolix,  
A thousand lines to stand for six.”!

Our lawyer arguing with Ironicus on this point, says, “you are not to lay so much stress on the *letter* of the law: you should regard the *spirit*.” “As for that,” replied his opponent, “the *spirit* may be very good; but those who addict themselves to that, or to any other spirits, generally come off with *heavy* heads, and *light* pockets: besides, even the letter, as you call it, costs so much for *postage*, that it really ought always to be *franked*.” A barber calls law “a bad razor,” that generally shaves hard, and brings tears into the eyes.” A taylor compares it to a man’s thigh, as it sticks close to the breeches pocket.”

The witty Cha. Dibdin jun. who occupies an eminent seat in the Temple of Lusorists, speak-

ing, or rather singing, of those celebrated heroes John Doe, and Richard Roe, thus records their famous exploits.

“More *captures* they have made,  
 Than the whole fighting trade;  
 For *actions*, their like you’ll ne’er meet, sir.  
 In the army they say,  
 Mags-diversion they play,  
 But they are much more at home in the *fleet*, sir.  
     For they have officers bluff,  
     And *press-warrants* enough  
 To issue and people the fleet, sir.

So replete is this subject with wit, wisdom, and—wickedness, that we scarcely know how to leave such attractions: but an old adage reminds us that “the best friends *must part*,” and our philosophy teaches us not to be vexed for that which is unattainable. Henry Fielding says, that “the Laws are Turnpikes, only made to stop people who walk on foot, and not to interrupt those who drive through them in their carriages.” Again, he observes, that “The Law guards us against all evil but itself.”

In another passage he very uncharitably says, that “the profession of a lawyer has often made a knave of him, whom nature meant a fool”—

With another passage from the same author we close our dissertation on this subject.

“Laws never inflict *disgrace* in *resentment*, nor confer honor from *gratitude*; for as Judge Burnet told a convicted felon, who appealed to him of the hardship of being hanged for *only* stealing a horse. ‘You are not to be hanged for stealing a horse, but that horses may not be stolen.’ In like manner it might have been said to the great duke of Marlborough, when the Parliament was so deservedly liberal to him, after the battle of Blenheim. ‘You receive not these honors and bounties on account of a victory past, but that other victories may be obtained.’

## Dissertation VI.

## THE PLEASURES OF FASHION.

*Drums, Routs, Masquerades, Operas, Fashionable Intelligence, &c.*

“Fashion in ev’ry thing bears sovereign sway;  
And words, and perriwigs have both their day;  
Each have their purlieus too, are modish each  
In stated districts, wigs as well as speech.”

COLMAN.

The universal tyranny of Fashion is admitted by all classes of the community, and though many complain of its intolerant government, yet there are few persons who do not voluntarily submit to its laws. Fashion may be said to be a sort of livery maker, or army taylor, as it cuts out all its clothes alike. It is also a leveller, or stubborn republican, for it makes nearly all ranks assume the same appearance. It may be called a monkey, as it is much given

to mimicry.\* Some people call it a Proteus, as it is ever changing: and others call it a camelion, because it is never seen twice of the same colour. The Quakers stigmatise it as a capricious changeling: and the Methodists denounce eternal perdition to its votaries, who must inevitably go to old nick, by constantly travelling in the "*broad way*;" but what say the gay ladies, and smart gentlemen? They unequivocally declare, that fashion is the most essential sauce in the feast of life: indeed the head dish. That without it the world would be a blank, and men and women mere cyphers. Existence, unless seasoned with this palatable auxiliary, would be

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\* Imitation constitutes the very essence of fashion. Thus, the nobleman is imitated by the squire, who is again imitated by the farmer, butcher, butler, footman, and groom. The lady's woman (the word maid is vulgar and obsolete) mimicks her mistress, and she is aped by the cook, laundry-maid, and scullion-wench: while the mistress of the chandlers-shop mimicks these, her *fashionable* Sunday geer is imitated by the milk girl, and she again by still inferior personages: so that the ladies of *fashion* may truly say, or sing.

"Pity our fall,"

We're *aped* by all,

Well a-day!

as insipid as an opera without songs, a comedy without wit, a house of Commons without opposition, or a masquerade without characters. In short, while many thousands are worshipping it, as the Peruvians did the sun, tens of thousands are deriving from its prevalence, business, profit and pleasure. Thus, as many are studying how to expend or squander away their fortunes in living *a la mode*, others are studying how to make theirs, by exchanging gew-gaws for guineas, and baubles for bank notes.

It would be curious, if not particularly useful to trace to its origin this weathercock-like thing, called fashion. It is as variable, as ridiculous, and the unqualified adoption of it, reduces the man of sense, (if he ever does adopt it) to a level with the fool. If the cut of a coat, or twist of a curl, is to identify and mark the people of bon-ton, there will be found no external difference in the groom and his master; or the self-sufficient puppy, and the man of real erudition. The person who presses for the highest seat in the temple of fashion must either be a knave or a fool: the one will seek it from *interested* motives, and the other

because his optic nerves are too weak to bear the effulgent rays of science.

Fashion is one of the most extraordinary effects of civilization, and its influence on society has a most marvellous tendency. Its votaries are commonly called the most foolish and useless of the human race, and their pursuits are considered in the highest degree frivolous and vexatious. As for the word fashion we shall not attempt its definition, for it appears of too comprehensive a nature to be reduced to meaning: however, it has great currency in polished society, and is found infinitely useful in gossiping conversation. Various are the opinions in this wide world, respecting what the word fashion was originally meant to express. The grave, the serious, and the thinking *few* (who are considered by many as little better than *Quizzes*) say that it implies every thing frivolous, affected, and ridiculous: but those who come under the denomination of persons of Fashion assert, that by this term, all that is delightful, attractive, fascinating and elegant, is to be understood.



This said Fashion manifests itself in a thousand different ways, and the phrase is considered applicable to every thing, which people in a *certain* circle think proper to do. Some practices, though essentially useful, are not fashionable; because they are *vulgar*; and there are many customs in life which are absolutely necessary to be done, but are frequently neglected as being unfashionable; whereby it appears, that *true fashion* consists in doing no one thing which is either useful or necessary. Hence we may infer, that the true essence of *tonish* life, lies in finding out the most *effectual* mode of murdering time, and rendering its professors *insipid*, *useless*, and obnoxious, to rational society!!!

*Routs* are now considered the very props of existence to certain debilitated beings, who require these stimulants to support their animal spirits. Formerly those nocturnal assemblies were known by the appellation of Drums, and a *Drum* is surely the better term of the two, for conveying the idea of *empty noise*. It may be truly said, there is nothing so delightful, so charming, so irresistibly fascinating as a *Rout*

where a vast *mob*\* of young and old beaux, with antiquated and pretty belles are seen staring at each other with the most *unmeaning expression* and *the most elegant apathy*; at the same time indulging voluptuously in the “feast of reason and the flow of soul;” if that conversation may be called such, which has neither language, ideas, nor meaning.

The great object to be attained by a lady who gives a rout, is, that her house shall be so crowded, as to prevent the possibility of any person being able to sit or stand *comfortably*; and it gives prodigious *eclat* to the thing, should the stairs and hall be so crammed with persons of *distinction* that they cannot even approach the grand *saloon*. Here they are compelled to remain, freezing, chattering, and rubbing against each other for some hours, and then depart highly delighted with the extreme politeness of her Grace, whom they had not the pleasure of *once* seeing. From one house they go to another, for the sole purpose of ascertaining which

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\* Lord Chesterfield observes that every croud is a mob.

had the greatest number of *crops*, *cocked hats*, and ostrich feathers. In these *enviable* situations are to be found characters of the first description; and a prime minister of state, with ministers of the gospel are often seen in these philosophical and improving crouds. Even one of the *heads* of the law, who but the day before, had been dispensing life and death in a court of justice, is frequently to be met with here, though treated with as little respect as a hair dresser at a bull baiting.

Next to the Rout and *Masquerade* (which are synonymous) the Opera may be considered the grand fashionable scene of action, where the uninitiated may contemplate a public exhibition of airs and graces. The first thing that strikes an observer at the Opera house, is the *profound attention* which the tribe of fashionables pay to the performers. The moment when some first-rate singer is in the finest passage of a Bravura song, perhaps some of the dilettanti in the boxes (more gratified in hearing their own raven notes, than those of the singer's) scream out in a fine accompanying trill, or shake, and thereby produce the same *happy*

effect, as the performance of two rival organs at the opposite sides of the same street. Another interesting and amusing circumstance to the audience, arises, from the mixture of the performers and loungers together : for it frequently happens, that the latter are not merely satisfied in *seeing* the former, but are good naturally running from scene to scene, and dancing about the stage, perhaps thinking that some of the subscribers may be amused in seeing clowns, or fools in *every piece*, and in *every act*.

But this is nothing compared with the frequent bursts of bravo, bravissimo, from people who were earnestly engaged in a *private* conversation, and who after they have rewarded the *Soprano* with a clap and a roar, turn round to each other and exclaim with a vacant stare—vastly fine!—what was it? exquisite, &c. whereby they shew their *taste*, though unconscious of the cause. This free and easy conduct would not be allowed in the English Theatre, thanks to the *gods*; no, the gentry in the *upper house* would never patronize *such* proceedings.

There is one distinguishing mark which cha-

racterises the Fashion of the present time from that of every former period; namely, Puffing in the newspapers. A Rout is now announced in the public prints, with all the pomp and circumstance of "*folly*," and at as great length, and almost as *well written*, as some of those literary *morceaux* which frequently issue from the inspired pen of Martin Van Butchel, or the renowned *cutting* Packwood. Indeed the volumes of our diurnal prints are so filled with *haut ton* intelligence, that a wig-maker, or a tooth-ache doctor can scarcely squeeze in a line, though they are men eminently useful; for the former promises to settle your *head*, and the latter to whet your grinders.—Newspapers, instead of being what they once were, vehicles of instruction and interesting intelligence, are *now* filled with the foolish, and disgusting details of routs, gormandizing, gluttony, visiting, and guzzling. Formerly our journals, were the "abstract and brief chronicles of the times," and were collected and treasured up as records for posterity, or as materials for the historian; but what a curious collection would a parcel of our modern journals make, filled with the names of persons, who, but for the *News-*

*papers* would never be recorded in any way except in the tradesmen's book of *bad debts*. With what interest and delight must posterity read such intelligence as the following—

“The bewitching lady —— is in that state in which every Lady wishes to be, who loves her lord.” Well said decency, egad!

Five hundred cards of invitation are issued for Mrs. *Shallowhead's* masquerade on Tuesday—

Count *Storm—Bag* gives his grand *Fete Champetre* on Friday: we hear that cards of invitation have been sent to all the gay, the idle, the frivolous, and the stupid in Town,—consequently a most delicious day may be expected!!!

Viscount ——'s grand dinner on Tuesday.

At the splendid entertainment given on Sunday by Elfy Bey, there was a most elegant assemblage of Fashionable Belles, and every other *delicacy* that could be *expected*.

The *venerable* Lady — and her two amiable grand daughters sang a trio on Friday night at lady Squanderfield's *Drum-major*, which astonished all present—“Say lady fair where are you going?”

The lady of sir Tunbelly Clumsey, was de-

livered of twins on Saturday, at her delightful Villa at Leatherhead.

At the grand masquerade *warehouse* in ——— Square, on Wednesday night, the doors were thrown open at an early hour to *all* characters; upwards of 700 persons sat down (and threw off the mask) to a sumptuous supper, whom the feast of *reason*, detained till a late hour the *next day*, when they seperated in *great order* to their respective homes. At this matchless Fete, there was a galaxy of patent lamps, and a forest of green house plants. The company consisted of the following illustrious personages, viz.—His ——— and His ——— brothers, lady ——— and her accomplished daughters ——— the venerable lord ——— and his lovely *young* wife, besides TOWNSEND, M'MANUS, RIVET, and numberless others of the *first distinction*.

But all this is nothing, compared with the bulletin of health, and the different movements of this army of Fashion, which, according to Burke, constitutes the Corinthian capital of polished society.

We are informed that lady Betty Bigamy is at Bath, and every morning at an early hour



visits the pump room, to the great satisfaction of her friends.

Belcher, and Jemmy from Town, are now rustivating at the elegant villa of lord —— in Hertfordshire. Poor Miss G—— being disappointed in her matrimonial *scheme*, takes it greatly to heart, and has retired (in dudgeon) to the country. The hon. capt. —— who was wounded in an affair of honour, on Saturday, died on Monday. That charming creature (Shock) lady ——'s lap dog has got the influenza. Col. O's— Parrot is speechless. We hear viscount —— intends in a few days to lead his cook maid to the hymeneal altar.

From such *stuff* as the above, is the future historian to collect authentic materials for the history of the age, and the antiquary (yet unborn) to glean the *curiosities* of PAST-TIMES.

#### SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.

##### TURF.

On Friday the long expected match, between the lady of Col. —— and —— Esq. was run on the race course at ——, in the presence

an immense concourse of spectators: the day was fine, the sport excellent, and the lady *rode* triumphant. Indeed Mrs. ———, who has long been considered the greatest *whip* in the kingdom, completely *beat* her man the first heat, to the great gratification of the *cognoscenti* who assembled on that occasion.\*

The Marchioness of ——— hunted on Thursday with *her* harriers in the neighbourhood of ———; her Ladyship is said to be the best *sportsman* in that sporting country!!!

We hear that the gay milliner, of Jermyn-street, has advertised for a *sleeping* partner!

From these *interesting* records, the merchant, the philosopher, the politician, and the foreigner, must be highly gratified and instructed; but they may know perhaps, better how to appreciate

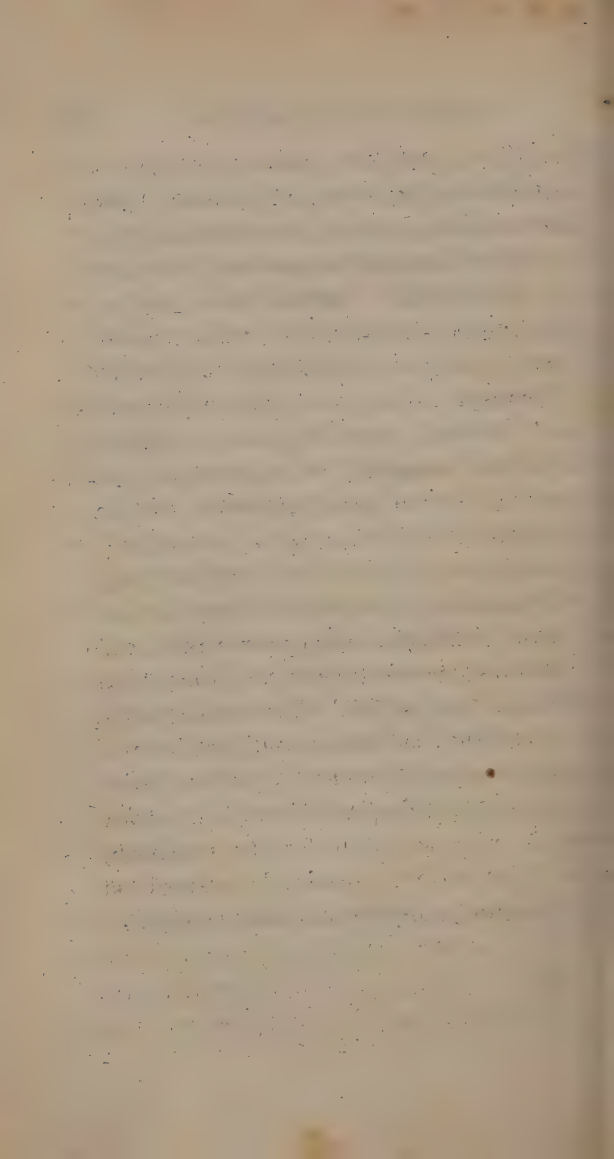
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\* This lady, who was always a devil of a sportswoman, has lately "*stole away*" and given her *keeper* the slip.—Such dashers are generally of the Eel species; rather slippery: and when a woman once mounts a racer, she will inevitably be run away with.

them, when informed, that there are a few *elegant*, accomplished gentlemen, of refined talents, who obtain their livelihood, and procure *distinction* by penning these interesting essays, and scraps of intelligence. The people of fashion have been much satirised for pride, and repulsive dignity, but this must be false, or they surely would not converse, and communicate freely with sycophant scribblers, and necessitous adventurers, merely for the purpose of obtaining a puff in a fashionable advertisement. These associations are, however, sometimes attended with inconvenience, as a nobleman may deem it *prudent*, if not pleasant, to shake hands with a man he despises. Some gentlemen have encountered difficulties for want of knowing such *useful* persons, as will be shown by the following circumstance, which is recorded as one of the miseries of human life, in the first work that appeared under the title of “More Miseries.”

“Sending to the Morning Post, a paragraph written by *yourself*, announcing the arrival of yourself and family in town, in the following words: ‘Yesterday Mr. F—— and the *charming*

Mrs. F——, and their three *lovely* and *accomplished* daughters arrived at their Town house in Burlington-street, from Moss-hall in Kent, which beautiful retreat has undergone some very delightful alterations from the exquisite designs of Mrs. F ——, whose unrivalled taste is the theme of admiration amongst all her numerous *fashionable* friends and acquaintance.' Meeting, three days after the appearance of the paragraph, an acquaintance, who informs you to your great gratification, that he had read the arrival; then, upon your modestly observing thereon, that 'it is a singular thing, that a man cannot move without being watched by these confounded newspaper writers, and that it is really wonderful how they can get the intelligence they publish.' Your friend laughing in your face, and telling you, that he was in the newspaper office to get a puff for a friend of his inserted at the time when your servant came in with, and paid for the paragraph, which lying on the counter, he perused and recognised to be in *your own hand writing*."



## Dissertation VII.

### PLEASURES OF FASHION.

*Continued.*

*Bad Habits ; Fools ; Genteel Sophistry, &c.*

AMIDST all the vicissitudes of Fashion, and changes of dress, which the ingenuity of taylor has devised, and the folly of man has adopted, the *costume* of the present time stands unrivalled in the annals of absurdity. It was formerly the fashion for gentlemen to have their clothes made to *fit* them ; but modern refinement rejects this *habit* : and we verily believe, that if a taylor now took home a complete suit, calculated to *fit* his customer, the latter would throw it at the head of the former. *O tempora ! O mores !* Formerly, if a clown was represented on the stage, or personated at a masquerade, he was exhibited in a coat which fitted him like a smock-frock, or a hop-sack ;

but now there is no distinction between the clown and the gentleman, as they seem one and the same person, at least in externals. The jacket, at present, gains ground rapidly, and a man of true fashion in the costume of the day, appears exactly like an out-rider to a post-chariot, or a Phoenix-office fire-man ! There may be more in this, however, than meets the eye ; for, in the present state of things, it prevents the possibility of any of the *catch-club* (sheriff's officers,) sticking in their *skirts*.

We would recommend to all *young* persons of fashion, the perusal of the following short story. It is particularly addressed to *young* persons, because, when people grow grey in any *habit*, they become quite incorrigible, and admonition is then useless.

“ An Italian fool was observed to parade the streets naked, carrying a piece of cloth on his shoulders. He was asked by some person, why he did not dress himself, since he had the materials ? ‘ Because,’ replied he, ‘ I wait to see in what way the fashions will end. I do not like to use my cloth for a dress, which in a



little time will be of no use to me, on account of some new fashion."

What was then told as a fool's reply, might now pass as the result of the mature reflection of a man of sense. It is much to be regretted the fair sex of the present day can't give as good a reason for going *naked*. We ought, however, in charity to suppose it as emblematic of their *innocence*! For, as that distinguished lusorist T. Dibdin writes—

"*Fashion* was form'd when the world began,  
And Adam, I'm told, was a very *smart* man;  
As for Eve, we can say neither more, nor less,  
But that Ladies of *fashion* all copy her *dress*.  
So barring all pother, of this, that or t'other,  
We all follow fashion in turn."

But the revolutions in dress are less intolerable than the change of manners. Formerly, persons of fashion were distinguished for their politeness, but now they are *eminently* conspicuous for their deficiency in that *once* gentlemanly attribute. Justice Woodcock's observation on what was considered in his time as politeness, well applies to our own age:—

“This,” says he, “may be *modern* good-breeding, but it’s very much like *old-fashioned* impudence.” We can laugh at that caprice, or folly, which induces men to change, without any visible cause, the cock of their hat, or the cut of their coat;—we can see, without a murmur, though perhaps not without some regret, the increase of crops, and the growth of whisks, but who can witness without deep concern, insolence usurping the place of politeness, and hauteur that of condescension. The bigots of fashion, however, were never distinguished as people of sense; for they have generally neither sense of shame, sense of propriety, sense of decency, nor that very useful, though vulgar article, *common-sense*. Their motto is made up from two passages of their favourite Anacreon—

“Hey to the round of Pleasure.”

“Here’s to the Devil with thinking.”

The sentiments hereby inculcated are gladly adopted by the rake and the *elegant* gambler, both of whom are daily in pursuit of what *they* call pleasure, and to such persons *thinking* is

quite a *bore*. The practices of many Novellists and Dramatists have tended to encourage dissipation and debauchery, by demanding admiration for *reformed rakes*, and representing the extravagant follies of young fashionable gentlemen as *necessary evils*, which will lead to public good. But folly and vice will always have sophisticated advocates, as will be displayed in the following account of

### THE RAKE DEFENDED;

*Or, Vicious Pursuits veiled by Fashionable Sophistry.*

If a profligate, unprincipled, gay young man of family and fashion be taken from the world *suddenly*, his associates in iniquity cursorily glance at his crimes, and observe—"Poor fellow! 'twas pity he lived so free! With all his faults (and who is without!) *he certainly had a good heart at bottom; he always intended well: he was nobody's enemy but his own.*"\*

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\* This sort of character is dangerously represented as deserving public admiration, in Charles Surface—"School for Scandal"—Harry Dornton, and Goldfinch, in the "Road to Ruin;" Young Rapid, in the "Cure for the Heart-ache;" Tom Shuffleton, in "John Bull," and in

Let us for a moment reflect for whom these apologies were offered, and praise indirectly claimed! Is it for a raw, inexperienced youth, who is left, at an early period, without a protector, and thus unguardedly falls into a snare that has been laid for him by crafty heads?

No! this blasphemous eulogium is paid to a man to whom fortune had been bountiful, nature profuse, and whose natural and acquired qualifications fitted him to grace a diadem; but who perverted the noblest work of heaven, by indiscriminately gratifying his unbounded lusts, at the expence of unprotected innocence; and indulging in an adulterous intercourse which never failed to bring disgrace and ruin on an innocent family. Yet this man is gravely pronounced to have "*always intended well.*"

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some other dashing bucks, which the fascinating, volatile, and sprightly Lewis has so inimitably performed. That *some* dramatic writers should delineate these personages with truth and facility, is not at all astonishing, when it is known that they have the prototypes in their own persons; and the singularly attractive style of Lewis's performance of such characters almost deprives us of the power of analyzing them.

And what can we say in support of the assertion of his having a *good heart*, who never manifested any symptoms save vicious ones ! His invariable pursuits, except when engaged in assailing defenceless virtue, were drinking and gaming ; his language constantly interlarded with bitter oaths and execrations, and thus utterly destroying both soul and body. But, notwithstanding “ *all his faults, he certainly had a good heart at bottom.*”

To conclude, he is allowed to have been “ *nobody’s enemy but his own,*” who has squandered away the industrious earnings of his ancestors, and bequeathed beggary and shame to his legal and innocent descendants. The wretch, who has blasted the peace of many worthy husbands and fathers, polluted their chaste homes, and *for ever destroyed* their domestic comfort ; and corrupted thousands of his own sex by his diabolical example ; yet, because he has been the dupe of his lusts, and fallen a martyr to his vices, he is pronounced to have been “ *nobody’s enemy but his own.*”

“ O Fashion! to thy wiles thy vot’ries owe  
Unnumber’d pangs of sharp, domestic woe ;  
What broken tradesmen and abandon’d wives,  
Curse thy delusions through their wretched lives !  
What pale-fac’d spinsters vent on thee their rage,  
And youths decrepid, ere they come of age !  
What parents mourn a spendthrift’s endless cost ;  
What orphans grieve a father’s portion lost !  
These are your mimics, O ye fallen great !  
Thus your example poisons all the state !”

*Age of Frivolity.*

## Dissertation VIII.

## PLEASURES OF FASHION.

*Continued.**A Beau of the First Order, and his Ape.*

THERE is a class of animals, which naturalists have not systematically defined, but which is very generally known to frequent all the cities, towns, and bathing places in Great Britain. The species is man, and the genus has been characterized by the names of Beau, Fop, Blade, Buck, Rake, Puppy, &c. These terms are nearly synonymous, and imply, according to the acceptation of philosophers, contemptible and insignificant beings; but others attach to the sounds ideas of pretty fellows, nice youths, and engaging rogues. Which of these inferences is most consistent with reason and good sense, the reader perhaps, will easily determine, after perusing the following narrative, which has been communicated to us



by a lady, who, possessing much generosity of sentiment, goodness of heart, and true philanthropy, justly feels indignant at the commission of every action that opposes these noble principles. In this narrative, she has judiciously allowed the beau to draw his own portrait, by giving the substance of his conversation in his *own language*: and there appears so much characteristic truth in this, that we are fully persuaded the whole picture is faithfully represented.

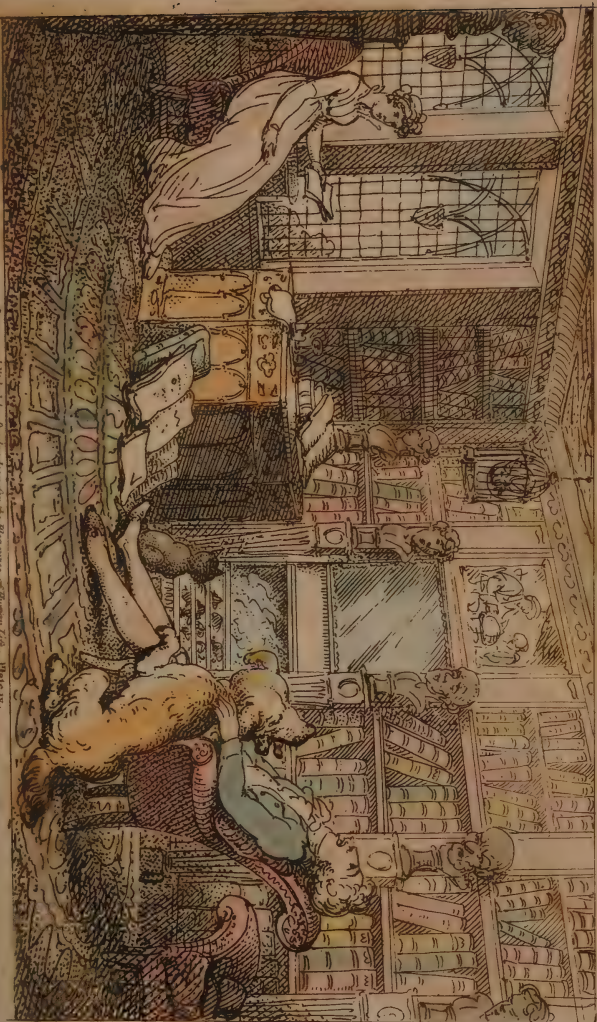
Of all disgusting animals that infest society, surely a *Fop* is the most contemptible! I am provoked to take up arms against these *things*, from being compelled to listen to one whose *magpye*, but *mischievous* prattle upset all my philosophy. Seated in the library of a friend's house where I was visiting, with "The Pleasures of Imagination" in my hand, my reverie was interrupted by the abrupt entrance of one of these *Sprigs of Fashion*, who, throwing himself into a chair, began a conversation in the following strain:\*

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\* See the annexed print.

A BRACE of FULL-GROWN PUPPIES: of MY DOG and ME.

Drawn and Etched by Rowlandson, for the Pleasures of Human Life. Plate IV.





“D—n’d hot, an’t it?” “’Tis a beautiful morning,” I replied. “Oh! for God’s sake leave off reading, and hear what a devilish unlucky dog I am. Returning from a walk I had been taking with Rover here—why don’t you speak to poor Rover? he’s a fine fellow for swimming! you’d have been quite delighted to see him diving for a full hour after a large stone I threw in, and the poor fellow came out without it after all: only look how wet he has made me all over with shaking himself! poor old fellow! cou’dn’t he find the stone then—there then, there then (patting the dog.) Why don’t you pat him! he’ll soon be fond of ye: he’s the *fondest* creature!—but, perhaps, you don’t like dogs! don’t you like dogs?” “I like *all* animals in their proper places, Sir: you was going to speak of an adventure, I thought.”—“Oh! true—yes—I—where was I?—Oh! I know; I was going to tell you what a most unlucky fellow I am. Be quiet, Royy! be quiet—lie down, Sir! Only look at the poor fellow! how fond he is! But to my *adventure*, as you call it. You see, I overtook a very pretty little girl this morning, with whom I meant to be *very civil*—you *understand* me!—

and I told her the queerest tale you ever heard ; ah ! and it was a devilish ingenious one, I assure you ; and she believed it all. Well ! I gets out of her where she lived, and all about it, you know ; had just made her appoint a meeting, when, before she could name the time her father would be out of the way, the old fellow appeared before us, and I was obliged to turn one way, and my charming little-rustic another. She's devilish coy, though ! only I know she's struck with me, or I should expect to have some trouble in the affair. Lord, how she blushed when I talked love to her ! and looked so innocent ! her beautiful laughing blue eyes cast to the earth, for fear of encountering my roguish black ones ! the roses mantling in her cheek—the dimples playing round her pretty little mouth, as she listened to my eloquent, all-powerful, and irresistible love-tale ! Oh ! she must be mine !—I say, now, what do you think of me ; don't you think I'm a rum fellow ? You have heard of me, I suppose ? hey ?” “ Yes, Sir, I certainly have *heard* of you.” “ Have you, tho', where ? who was it spoke of me ? A *lady*, I suppose, tho' ?” “ Yes, Sir, it was a lady at Brighton.”

“ Ah ! what did she say ? what’s her name ? ”

“ Pardon me there, Sir, I cannot disclose the lady’s name.” “ O ! I know very well who

you mean ; though, upon my soul, there’s so many fine women at Brighton, and, indeed, at all the watering places, who I am *well with*, that it’s almost impossible to name one in particular : but what did she *say* ? you may tell me that ? ” — “ What *some* gentlemen would term a fine compliment.” “ Did she, by G—d ! O ! I

know who it is very well ; her name begins with a D—— : she’s *very good-natured* ; nay, she’s a d——d fine woman, too ; I’m on *very good terms* with her. So you won’t tell me what she said ! how can you be so cursed provoking ? pshaw, now, you’re downright cruel : come, come, do tell me ! you may trust me, indeed you may ; I never deceive a lady, upon my soul ! — come, I’ll guess : Did she not say, I was a d——d wicked dog ? ” “ The lady did not *swear*, Sir.” “ Perhaps not, but she meant it. Now, by G—d, this is immeasurably tire-

some ! you’re prudish, I fear ; I hate prudes ! — you needn’t fear me, now upon my soul ! tho’ I’m a devilish dangerous fellow among the women ; yet, in *this* case, you may trust me ! ”



“ Why really, Sir, ’twould be unfair in me to repeat *what* the lady said ; but allow me to observe, I am not at all surprised at her warmth of expression, since I’ve had the honour of a *personal* acquaintance with Mr. ————.”

“ Nay, you flatter me ! tho’, upon my soul, I don’t wonder at her being taken with me ; for, when I’m in town, I’m really surrounded with fine women ; and how can one resist a pretty woman when she makes advances ; for it is an absolute fact, they always meet me more than half way.” “ You astonish me, Sir ! ” “ A fact, by G—d ! You see, being such a favourite with the ladies, it makes me rather proud, or so ; but, after all, it’s a cursed tiresome thing to have a woman *too fond* ! Oh ! it’s a horrible bore ; insufferably teasing, upon my soul ! I can’t stand it ! I’m frequently obliged to leave them ; *I am indeed* ! and then they are sometimes jealous, too ! Lord God, what an execrable thing is a jealous woman ! Why, would you believe it ? Lady ——— was in hysterics for three hours at the *simple* and *trifling* gallantry of my ogling the Marchioness of \* \* \* \*, at the opera :—again, at Lady Betty \* \* \*’s rout, there was no less than



*seven* (damn'd fine girls, too) applying every anti-fainting spirit to prevent the effervescence of their passion for me, from meeting the eyes of the assembly; and this from observing me single out the new-married young Countess of \* \* \* \*, to go down a dance with. So that, you perceive, although I'm universally admired by the ladies, and equally envied by the men, I've such an inundation of gallantries, that, upon my soul, I'm not so happy a fellow as I am generally taken for; unfortunately, I've such an immensity of sensibility, that I can't endure to see the poor things fret after me so. ' And so you seem to think the women more *modest*, or *shy*, than I allow them to be!' D——me, that's a good one! you live in town, and not know better than that: I suppose then, when Mr. ——— goes out, he locks you up until he returns. Oh! what rare sport! Excuse me tho', I don't mean to offend. No, by G—d! I never offend a modest woman! but, upon my soul, the age we live in admits of such freedom, that was I to enumerate the favours I've received from a *Duchess* down to an innocent country girl, I dare say I should surprise you; as you appear absolutely a novice in these affairs:

however, for the present, I must decline chatting with you, as poor Rovy here wants his breakfast; poor fellow! quite hungry, an't ye?"

Happy to escape from this lump of mental deformity, I arose, and said I would join Mr. — in the garden: upon which my fashionable companion picked his teeth, and yawned out, in the most *winning manner imaginable*, "You must excuse my want of gallantry, in suffering you to go alone, but walking in hot weather relaxes me shockingly." To this I cheerfully bowed assent, and sallied forth in quest of a companion whose sentiments were perfectly in unison with my own.

"Gracious heaven! what a being have I just parted from!" I mentally ejaculated; "surely nature never designed him for a man! yet, what *could* she intend him for? neither *male* nor *female*, but a mixture of the grosser parts of both, sent into the world as a curse to those who are unfortunate enough to be allied to him, and an entail of misery to such as are sufficiently weak to fall a prey to the fascination

of external appearances; for this *thing* (alias man) possesses an elegant form, and a strikingly handsome face. I cannot paint a more complete contrast than this *creature's* mind bears to its body.

Contemptible, however, as these superficial-minded beings unquestionably are, they have their *imitators* in a set of fluttering insects, who are still more obnoxious, if possible, than the former, with the exception of being less dangerous; for, however inclination might prompt them to *sting*, they possess the *will* without the *power*. These comparatively harmless *things*, in some degree, merit our pity. Nature having dealt her *mental* favours to them with so sparing a hand, that they have not the sagacity of discriminating between the *gentleman* and the *beggar*; and allowing only the former the power of playing the *fool*. These shallow-witted, self-sufficient, *would-be* fops, have all the arrogant superciliousness attendant on ignorance, but are *blind* to their own want of *capability* in supporting the *dignified, magnanimous, and truly-praiseworthy* character of a first-rate *coxcomb*.

One of these animated puppets I have had *the superlative happiness* of being in company with, who has *troubled* me with its *interesting* adventures; how *it had wrote* a play, and acted *King*—itself; had wrote *such a deal of poetry*, pretty stories, &c. &c.; and finished its *interesting narrative* by assuring me I should hear it read its poetry some day.

“ Much did it talk, in its own pretty phrase,  
Of genius and of taste, of players and of plays;  
Much, too, of writing, which itself had wrote,  
Of special merit, tho' of little note;  
For Fate, in a strange humour, had decreed  
That what It wrote none but Itself should read;  
Much, too, It chatter'd of dramatic laws,  
Misjudging critics, and misplaced applause;  
Then, with a self-complacent, jutting air,  
It smiled, It smirk'd, It wriggled to a chair,  
And with an aukward briskness not Its own,  
Looking around, and perking on the throne,  
Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage dame,  
Known but to few, or only known by name,  
Plain Common Sense, appear'd, by Nature there  
Appointed, with Plain Truth, to guard the chair;  
The pageant saw, and blasted with her frown,  
To its first state of nothing melted down.”

Incredible as it may appear, this poor maniac absolutely affects all the airs of a *real quality coxcomb*; swears he's an immense favourite with the ladies; they would be *lost* without him; he's their every-thing. He is never without half a dozen smelling-bottles, fans, muffs, tippets, &c. &c. &c. for the accommodation of the ladies, who consider him a convenient *block* to hang these things on occasionally.

How seriously is it to be lamented, that parents do not endeavour to correct these disgusting foibles in their children, instead of encouraging them, by holding a dialogue of the following description:

"The ladies all *likes* me, don't they, mother?" "Yes, Bobby." "They *invites* me to their *dances*, don't they, mother?" "Yes, Bobby." "I writes Poetry for 'em, don't I, mother?" "Yes, Bobby." "I writes plays, and acts 'em myself, don't I, mother." "Yes, Bobby."

How long this *interesting* and *pleasing* little dialogue would have continued, I cannot pre-

tend to assert; as it was prematurely crushed by a gentleman present, who *sarcastically* remarked, "Why, my dear madam, I am absolutely thunderstruck at the profundity of your son's erudition! An author! and a poet, too! I hope, Sir, (addressing Master Bobby) you mean to favour the public with the productions of your *rich* and *fertile* imagination; indeed it would be absolutely cruel to deprive the literary world of such *elegant* works." The mother smiled, and, briding, asked her visitor if he "could recommend a *good* and *careful* printer, who would see that the poetry should be printed *nice*ly and neatly?" when Bobby squeaked out, "No, no, mother, I wont have my *things stole* : and it's always the way, when people write any thing good, or out of the common way, that other people always steal 'em, and call 'em their own, and therefore I wont trust my things to no *printer whatsomever*." "But, Bobby, my dear," replied this *thinking* matron, "don't be obstinate; where is the use of your writing, if *nobody's to be none* the better for it; and you know the world can't *benefit* if they don't see what you can do. You see, my love, this gentleman was surprised to hear

you was a poet ; therefore publish and surprise 'em all. This gentleman will like, I dare say, to have 'em *didicated* to him : go, my dear, and fetch 'em down, and read 'em to the gentleman. I'm sure, Sir, you'll be *more* surprised when you hear 'em read." " I doubt not, madam," replied the gentleman, who by this time repented his temerity, " but they will far *exceed* my expectation ; but I cannot avail myself of the honour you kindly intended me, as I've an appointinent, and I fear (taking out his watch) that I've overstaid my time." " Well then, the next time you call, you shall see 'em *all*." With this *kind* promise her guest departed, and will not, I think, be very anxious to repeat his visit.

" Ye gods ! what wild havock is made by ambition,  
Tho' she oft brings her slaves to a state of contrition,  
She made pious DORNFORD, a half witted railer ;  
And spoil'd in poor DIGNUM.—an excellent *taylor*."

PASQUIN.



## FASHIONABLE VOCABULARY.

It may not prove altogether uninteresting to our readers, to lay before them a few terms, with the *sense*, or acceptation, by which they are understood by the Fashionable World:—

| <i>Vernacular<br/>Terms.</i> | <i>Fashionable Sense.</i>   |
|------------------------------|---|
| Age                          | An infirmity which nobody owns.   |
| Buying                       | Ordering goods without present prospect, or<br><i>intention</i> of payment. |
| Conscience                   | Something to swear by.  |
| Courage                      | Fear of man.  |
| Country                      | A place for pigs, cattle, and clowns.                                       |
| Cowardice                    | Fear of God.  |
| Day                          | Night.  |
| Debt                         | A necessary evil.   |
| Death                        | A great bugbear.  |
| Decency                      | Keeping up appearances.   |
| Dinner                       | Supper.   |
| Dressed                      | Half naked.   |
| Duty                         | Doing as ONE OF US do.  |
| Religion.                    | Bigotry.  |
| Fortune                      | A thing necessary to existence.   |
| Friend                       | A <i>sound</i> without meaning.   |
| Home                         | Every body's house but one's own.   |
| Honour                       | A flash in the pan.   |
| Knowing                      | Expert in folly and vice.   |
| Life                         | Destruction of body and soul.   |
| Love                         | (Meaning unknown.)  |
| London                       | The most delightful place.  |

| <i>Vernacular<br/>Terms.</i> | <i>Fashionable Sense.</i>  |
|------------------------------|--|
| Low                          | Vulgar,—mechanical; generally applied to tradesmen, and authors. |
| Lounging                     | Daily occupation.  |
| Learning                     | A thing unknown.   |
| Modest                       | Sheepish.  |
| New                          | Delightful.  |
| Night                        | Day.   |
| Nonsense                     | Polite conversation.   |
| Æconomy                      | (Obsolete.)  |
| Old                          | Unsufferable.  |
| Pay                          | Only applied to visits.  |
| Play                         | Serious Work.  |
| Prayers                      | The cant of <i>silly</i> people.                                 |
| Christianity                 | Occupying a seat in some church or chapel.                       |
| Spirit                       | Contempt of every kind of propriety.                             |
| Style                        | Splendid extravagance.   |
| Thing (the)                  | Any thing but what a man should be.                              |
| Time                         | Only regarded in music.  |
| Truth                        | Meaning uncertain.   |
| Virtue                       | Any disagreeable quality.  |
| Vice                         | Only applied to servants and horses.                             |
| Undress                      | Complete clothing.   |
| Wicked                       | Irresistibly agreeable.  |
| Wisdom                       | Exploded.  |
| Wife                         | A lawful MISTRESS.   |
| Scandal                      | Amusing conversation.  |
| Scorn                        | A thing to be used in talking with inferiors.                    |
| Words                        | Things to <i>play</i> with                                       |
| World                        | St. James's and its vicinity.                                    |
| Work                         | A vulgarism.   |
| Wit                          | A thing only heard of in Plays and Farces.                       |

\* \* \* As many of the preceding terms and definitions are taken from an interesting little volume, called "*the Fashionable World Displayed*," we cannot conclude *our* account of the subject better than by recommending that work to the attention of such readers as wish for a geographical, philosophical, statistical, and natural history of that "*World*."

## Dissertation IX.

## PLEASURES OF FASHION

*Continued.**Balls, Assemblies, Dancing, The St. Vitus' Family, Wigs, Driving.*

Next to Routs, Music-meetings, and Masquerades, BALLS, and ASSEMBLIES present the most *fascinating* attractions to the votaries of fashion; and, as long as these people take more pleasure in cultivating their *heels* than their *heads*, dancing must flourish. This occult science is at present studied with great ardour, and many of our youth are now taught the *first* and *second positions*, long before it is thought necessary to initiate them in the rudiments of erudition, or the principles of Christianity.

“The *insect* youth are on the wing,  
Eager to taste the sweets of spring.

GRAY.

The interior of a ball-room is a very *moving* scene, and is no sooner entered by the true devotees of the art, but every toe-nail begins to cut capers, and the cockles of every heart are instantly affected with the fidgets. This rendezvous of jumpers\* is not only fascinating to those actually engaged in the mazy festival, but is infinitely amusing to the looker-on; who, being unemployed, can freely and deliberately reconnoitre all around. In these crowds, or promiscuous assemblies, are often seen huddled together or disproportionably paired the thick and thin, tall and short, fat and lean, pretty and ugly; like a heterogeneous group at a puppet show in a country fair,—But “youth’s the season made for joy”—and since the essence of that can be best obtained in a ball-room, why should the *young* gentlemen and ladies be deprived of it. In this temple of the graces may often be seen

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\*The *Jumpers* are a strange infatuated sect of religious enthusiasts, who seem to be governed more by an *evil* spirit than a *good* one: for after indulging in certain ceremonies, they proceed to all sorts of jumping, ranting, and frantic tricks, thereby acting more like maniacs, than rational Christians.

a little miss just emancipated from the tuition of *Beau Kit*, and the trammels of her *Sheldrake*,\* paired with an old fat physician, as tall as big Ben, and as awkward as Sam. Johnson. In another group may be seen a pale faced student of the Temple, with no more flesh on his bones, than the apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, coupled with an elderly lady as fat as Falstaff, and with a face blazing like a transparency at the front of a masquerade warehouse. These engaging creatures *are seen casting* each other off, and then joining hands again in delightful alternation. Sometimes the *figurante* begins to "*vax varm*" (according to the cockneyshire† phraseology) and *Philander*, deserts his co-

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\* A name given to certain iron harness into which young ladies are sometimes put to make their backs straight, and thereby destroy the "line of beauty."

† The Topography, Geography, and Natural History of this district has never yet been fully described. A work of this kind *impartially* investigated, and luminously written, would afford much amusement and information, both to the natives, to persons of the surrounding country, and to foreigners, i. e. such as live in the remote northerly and westerly parts of our island. We would recommend the ingenious author of "*The Fashionable World Displayed*," to consider of this subject.

lours, and flies from the ranks, to procure *Ariel* a glass of negus, or a tumbler of lemonade to keep her from *fainting*! but she declares that nothing but "*drops of brandy*" (the name of a popular tune) can restore her. This is called for, "peace returns, and all is calm again."

"Such are the joys of our dancing days."

It must be highly amusing to the looker-on to see the gravity of some, the pleasantry of others, and the folly, with which *all* keep frisking about to the pipe and tabor, like so many hay-makers in a pantomime.

A Ball room may unquestionably be considered the *market of love*! a sort of *cupid's royal exchange*, a *matrimonial lottery office*, and like a lottery the wheel contains many blanks, and few, *very few*, prizes. But why assimilate it to the royal Exchange, Mr. Benevolus? because, madam, in the negotiations of matrimony, like those of commerce, each party endeavours to *out-wit* the other, or to use a very hackneyed observation, to *bite the biter*.—And for the market, you know, that nothing is



more common than to send *damaged goods* to that repository, and such articles require dextrous puffing, with some meretricious decoration. Admirably well, the comparison holds to a tittle.

A family of Dancers, like aspen leaves in autumn, are always in motion : and whenever a tune enters their ears, it always makes its exit through their toes. If a hand organ stops in the street, every room, window-shutter, door, and stool, are shook to their foundations, by the St. Vitus' family, and tranquillity is not restored till the organ ceases. Should they all expect tickets for a public ball, every knock at the door will rouse them like a clap of thunder : and every disappointment unnerves them, and renders them as mopish as an old maid at a wedding, or, as owls in the sun shine : but when the ticket arrives, " Oh extacy too great to last for ever," every nerve is screwed up to the highest pitch, the barometer of joy rises 20 degrees above Summer heat, and every thing manifests bustle, agitation, and—uproar. Some of the group immediately commence a grand attack on

the milliners and wig-wams.\* One lady gets her head *cut a la Dido*, another *a la Brute*, and another *a la Bull*, † and then all's in preparation. At length the happy night arrives, and the coachman is desired to drive to the delightful rendezvous (Willis's) in King Street, St. James's. The jigging group enters the hall, and with breathless expectation ascend the grand

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\* Wig-wam, a sort of carriage or hurdle, used by the Indians. With us it may serve to express a wig shop, or as Mr. Dibdin calls it, "a wig gallery."

† The bull's noddle has long been famous for its curly, ringlet locks : and these have often been the theme of comparison and description, by ancient poets. Though the fashionable wig-weavers have never dignified a caxon by an appellation of this kind, it is evident that they have had the *forehead* of that noble animal in view, when be-decking that of some stiff-neck'd *horn-ified* Belle. Among the absurdities of fashion, there is scarcely one more ridiculous in its nature, and absurd in its adoption, than that of wearing wigs. It is a thing that was never intended by nature, or we should sometimes hear of children being born with them. Formerly none but *old* men, parsons, and lawyers deigned to disfigure themselves with this extraneous incumbrance : and such was, and is the enormous size of those belonging to the latter class, that they are amply sufficient for the whole community. The great

staircase:—"distant sounds of music vibrate through the long drawn passage"—The tickets are handed in, but woeful to relate! there is a fatal flaw in the credentials! for by some unfortunate mistake, the cards are dated wrong, and are not admissible till that night se'nnight.

A different party occupies the garrison, and is now, "even very now" rioting in all its sweets: What's to be done? no admission! "mourn indeed ye miserable set, for now the measure of your woes is full." The party returns home, "in solemn sadness and majestic grief."

*[The above incident actually occurred, and was preceded and terminated as described.]*

cauliflower bushes, have been not unaptly named, "*Extinguishers of common sense*."—In these ponderous coverlids, or overalls

"The lawyers' flaws shall find a *patch*,  
A *Bob* the knowing head shall *thatch*,  
The henpeck'd husband wear a *Scratch*,  
His wife a monstrous *Brutus*."

The wig's the thing, the wig, the wig,  
Who'd in the mines of learning dig,  
Or Heliconian potions swig,  
Or study to be truly wise?  
When after all, in vulgar eyes,  
The WISDOM'S IN THE WIG."

Another of the pleasures of dancing is found when a fond young lady sets her cap at a certain gentleman, and “marks him for her own,” but finds on entering the ball room, that he has been pre-engaged, and is then in the very *act* of kicking up his heels, and capering away with another. But the ball room, independent of its pleasures, has also its *advantages*: It is the genial region of assignation, the *hot-bed of love*, a *chapel of ease* to the Temple of Paphos; for here prayers, vows, and protestations are often offered up. Between the *acts* of the *hop*,\* the parties have ample time and opportunity, to discuss and settle their *private* affairs, and it is generally in the ball room that the arrangements are made for those little *parties of pleasure* to Gretna Green which we so frequently hear, and read of; for nothing is easier than the transition from *Pas-ruse*, to the *Faux Pas*, and when a young lady has been engaged for some hours in the bewitching amusement of dancing, she will be inclined to grant her lover more than she would

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\* This term though of vulgar application, is very expressive; as *hopping* constitutes the principal movement in this diversion. See Bailey's, and Grose's dictionaries.

otherwise do in her cooler moments of reflection.

The age in which we live may, with great propriety, be considered the age of *condescension*, for we believe it is the only period of the world, when men and women of Fashion have *raised* themselves to a *level* with their coachmen and postilions. Driving, is now so essential a branch of *elegant education*, that we consider the time fast approaching, when we shall probably see revived, the exercises of the Hippodrome, and the Cursus, and that an expert charioteer will be considered the most accomplished character in society. After-ages may read with wonder and delight, in the monumental inscriptions of our Noblemen, that His Grace of ——— or My Lord ——— was not only the first financier, but the greatest *driver* of his time.

Nothing can exceed the good natured humility of many ladies and gentlemen of the present day; for instead of employing their coachmen and grooms to drive them, they frequently undertake the offices of their servants, and mount the coach-

box, or the dicky, while the servants are lounging by their sides, or lolling within the carriage. The coach box *tete-à-tetes*, between ladies and their grooms, have a most engaging effect in the crowded streets of London, particularly, if Thomas happens (which is sometimes the case) to have his arms round the waist of his mistress, to prevent her falling—into *worse* hands. The drive in Hyde Park, and that noisy, crowded, throng'd thorough-fare, Bond Street, that puppet-show stage of fashion, present many scenes of this kind. Here may often be seen a female, *flogging-driver*, (improperly called a Lady,) dashing along in her lofty curricule, with one lounging groom at her side, and two others behind, thereby creating wonder, fear, and pity, from a gaping multitude.

If any thing can bring into disrepute this exercise of the whip, it is, its having got into the *hands* of the practising apothecaries, for every little pharmacopolist, who can indulge in the luxury of a gig, now drives about like a nabob in a palanquin, attended, or join'd rather, by a sort of mongrel lacquey, who is neither groom, coachman, ostler, nor postilion, though par-



THE PLEASURES OF BOND STREET: OR FASHIONABLE DRIVING.

Drawn and Etched by Routledge for the Pleasures of Human Life



THE PICTORIAL  
WIG MAKER TO  
THE HARCRAVINS.





taking of all. A barrister, or even a divine is thought nothing of now, unless he's a good whip; can turn a corner to a hair's breadth; or pass a chariot coming in an opposite direction, by just touching the wheels!!

GAMING is one of the prevailing pleasures of the present *enlightened* age, and there seems to be something so fascinating in this pursuit, that a *man or woman*, we forbear to say *Gentlemen or Lady*, is no sooner addicted to it, than, either becomes swallowed up in its vortex. Whenever we see young persons stuck down to a card table, we cannot avoid congratulating them on their early initiation into the mysteries of a science, which must always prove an inexhaustible source of pleasure and *advantage*; for if it had no other recommendation than that of destroying the enemy (time) it must always find numerous partizans and advocates in the present refined age. But it has a thousand other claims on our attention and support: One of its first recommendations is, (than which none can be greater) that it impels us to cultivate our faculties, it habituates us to *deep* thinking and calculation, and so sharpens our wits, that it has

recently attained for its votaries the appellation of *Greeks*.\*

Our observations on cards, will apply to gaming in general, and we shall not occupy much of the reader's time in describing the attractions of the dice box; this implement of gambling with its *better half* the back gammon board, seems admirably calculated for shewing a young lady off to the greatest possible advantage: for nothing can appear more graceful, or amiable, than a female shaking her elbow, and rattling her bones, at the same time vociferating, "seven's the main." Elegant accomplishment!

"The love of play can taint the *female* mind,  
By nature found most gentle, most refin'd;  
Can change the spirit, once an angel bright,  
To fiend-like fury black as imps of night;  
Can make them selfish, cruel, and profane—  
Peevish with loss, and covetous with gain;  
Can chase away domestic peaceful joys  
With crowds, confusion, rioting, and noise;

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\* The Greeks were a people remarkable for the quickness of their parts, and the sharpness of their wit; they possessed in an eminent degree those points of character, which in our time, would obtain them the epithet of *deep ones*.

Can draw by placid smiles a giddy train,  
To learn that, routs, and cards are not in vain,  
But managed well, can ladies' smiles repay,  
By taking money—in a *genteel* way."

AGE OF FRIVOLITY.

*Gamester* and *cheat* were synonymous terms in the times of Shakespeare and Jonson: and they have hardly lost any thing of their double signification in the present day.

But there is no pursuit or amusement, however delightful or *instructive*, that is not sometimes attended with disadvantage and disaster. Even the inoffensive, harmless practice of *gaming* is *occasionally* followed by serious consequences, as we shall endeavour to prove, by a very concise account of a young man who fell a public victim to this fascinating amusement. The ill-fated H—y W———n was a native of Ireland, and adds one to the dark catalogue of those, whom an inordinate love of gaming brought to an untimely grave!

He was of a most respectable family, and had received a good education: when very young he was sent to London, and placed

under the care of Mr. ———— for the purpose of embarking in some commercial concern. But instead of the counting house, he preferred the gaming house, and forsook respectable business for temporary pleasure. When he first launched upon the town, he was about twenty years of age, and a better description cannot be given of his person, than that which Johnson gives of Milton in his youth. "He was eminently beautiful, though not of the heroic stature." In his face were united beauty of feature, with vivacity of expression, and his figure, though *petite*, was elegant. In the *fashionable* part of his education, the mysteries of the card table were not neglected, and the violent passion he imbibed for play, may be truly said to have been "the string on which hung all his sorrows." He never was happy, but when the cards were in his hands, and would at any time have preferred the sight of the knave of clubs, to that of the Venus de Medicis; and "Hoyle's Games" was to his mind, the most fascinating book in the English language. With this bias, it could hardly be expected that he would pay much attention to business, and so it proved. In a continued routine of dissipation and gam-

ing he spent his days and nights: at the same time sapped his health, and squandered away all his property. The frequent calls he had for money induced him to commit a forgery to a considerable amount, which being detected, he was tried, found guilty, and expiated his crimes on the altar of Justice.

Thus perished in the bloom of youth, and in the full vigor of his faculties, a man who might, at least, have been a useful member of society, and who fell a sacrifice to an unfortunate attachment to a pursuit, which has been often known to hurl destruction on its votaries.

“ The fatal propensity of gaming is to be discovered, as well amongst the inhabitants of the frigid, and torrid zones, as among those of the milder climates; the savage and the civilized, the illiterate and the learned, are alike captivated by the hope of accumulating wealth, without the labours of industry. Barbeyrac has written an elaborate treatise on gaming, and as an ethical work, it may be placed on the shelf. Mr. Moore has given another elaborate treatise on suicide, gaming, and duelling,

which may be put by the side of Barbeyrac's. All these works are excellent sermons, but a sermon to a gambler, a duellist, or a suicide!—A dice box, a sword and pistol, are the only things that seem to have any power over these unhappy men, who have long been lost in a labyrinth of their own ingenious folly!”

CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE, I. 304.



## Dissertation X.

## PLEASURES OF FASHION

*Continued.*

## DUELLING.

AMONG the various inconsistencies which the tyranny of custom, or the folly of fashion, has imposed on mankind, there is none so unjust, cruel, or brutal, as that of duelling. This worse than savage practice, is considered by many as the height of civilization, the pink of good breeding, and the last polish of elegant education. Indeed, a young man of fashion, never makes his debut in the Beau-Monde with any degree of *eclat*, till he has killed his man! This elegant accomplishment, flourishes in our time beyond all former example: the *point* of honour seems to have given place to the *muzzle* of the pistol! and all coffee-house quarrels, and similarly *important* disputes, are now hushed up, by a *flash* in the *pan*. It is of no great importance what be the cause of a difference; for sometimes a fracas between a Newfoundland

dog, and a Spanish pointer, \* will set their masters by the *ears*, and then Chalk Farm's the word. To that place, the Park, Kensington gravel-pits, or some other *hallowed* spot consecrated to the *Laws of Honour*, the parties retire, and blow out each other's brains with *genteel impunity*.

It happens not unfrequently, that a man by neglecting to take off his hat at the theatre, has it taken off for him the next day,—with his *head* into the bargain.

We laugh at the hot brained Tibalt, in Romeo and Juliet, also at the domestics of the Montagues, and the Capulets, who seek causes of quarelling for their respective houses, by biting their thumbs at each other ; but surely in

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\* Captain M'Namara, and Col. Montgomery's two dogs happening to quarrel, their masters deemed it necessary to fight on the occasion ; and the latter gentleman was slain, or according to the vulgar tongue, murdered. Lord Camelford died in the same cause ; and many other persons could be named who have fallen victims to that foolish and cruel edict, "*the law of honour.*"

our own times we hear of things, which, were they not very serious, would be equally ridiculous, and were they not common, would appear marvellous. There was some reason to hope that this sanguinary practice, from having descended to the low and the vulgar, would in time be discontinued by those who called, or considered themselves, the *Great* ; but this cheering hope, like many others, has vanished, and we are still doomed to witness the triumph of folly, vice, and wickedness ; and of knowing that nothing will *cure* disorders of honour, but leaden *pills*. It seems the grand object with those who wish to patronise, or promote absurdity, to bestow on it some splendid name, and to dignify villainy and vice, with alluring and pompous epithets. Thus, seduction, is called gallantry, and murder is misnamed deciding an affair of honour ! But in the estimation of the humane and the rational, a *name* can never alter the thing, and that bloody code, called the law of honour, must ever be considered by the temperate part of mankind, as a system of cruelty, which has been established by the wicked and implacable, and appears to have originated in a

spirit of revenge (the worst of all the bad passions) for the gratification of private malice.

This savage practice is by no means confined to the *better* sort of people, but is frequently *degraded* by getting into the hands of the swinish multitude, whereby, (of course) it loses much of its *dignity*! Some years ago, when it was the fashion to wear swords, there was great butchery performed in this *honorable* way. But then deliberate duels were not quite so frequent; for the ferocious parties decided their differences on the spot, and tho' those rencontres often terminated fatally, yet they sometimes ended only in a *scratch*; hence, the consequences were not quite so serious as at present, as much depended upon the *skill* of the combatants: but a *leaden ball* is a great *leveller* of distinctions, and that disparity between the accomplished swordsman, and the uneducated boor, is entirely done away. All now are equal, and the travelled gentleman, the *vulgar* mechanic, the *barrister*, the *poet*,\* and the warrior, are

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\* A duel, or rather a *meeting* for that purpose, between an eminent critic, and a mellifluous song writer, alias a

alike called to order by the muzzle of the pistol, and all *fight* to prevent *misunderstanding*." Sometimes a difficulty arises with respect to the rank of the parties, and strict enquiry is made by one *gentleman*, to ascertain whether his antagonist be precisely in the same sphere of life ; we have known a case of great difficulty of this sort, where the challenger was really what might be termed a gentleman, (unless, as Sterne says, "decay of fortune taints the blood,") and the

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*poet* must be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers. We have heard it rather *loudly whispered*, that the whole affair was a mere PUFF. Take a lesson from this grand exploit, ye scribblers for the lottery, and ye scrawlers for empirics ; for you may easily excite notoriety by writing an account of a duel that was *never intended*, and by calling the Bow-street officers to convert the spilling of *blood* into that of spilling *ink*. The pen is certainly a more inoffensive weapon than the pistol : and though it often *wounds* a man, and sometimes *kills* one, yet at the same time it produces a fund of public amusement. For as *great crowds* derive much diversion from seeing two bruisers pounding each other to a sort of jelly, so a vast mass of readers take great *delight* in witnessing two authors cutting, slashing, and flaying each other, with that little dextrous instrument,—the *pen*.

person challenged was the son of an attorney. Young *qui-tam* was, however, so tenacious about polluting the blood of the O'Rourks, that it was full a week before he would consent to blow his antagonist's brains out; nor could he then have done himself this *honor*, till thoroughly convinced that his opponent deserved this mark of *respect*. It must not be inferred, that the attorney was a poltroon, or wished to evade the "*explanation*," for, he was as courageous as M'Lean the highwayman, and as fond of fighting as Sir Lucius O' Trigger; but then he was a man of such *nice honor*!

Lawyers and counsellors are usually given to much freedom of speech; and this is sometimes rather too irritating for their opponents. The man of *words* is consequently called out, and required to *muzzle* that tongue, which he often wields with such dextrous effect. He refuses, and a challenge ensues. If the Barrister happens to be *silenced*, (i. e. killed) the conqueror says, he has a *special plea* to *justify* what he has done; but if the man with the long robe be triumphant, and puts his antagonist *down*, then the whole affair is called a *Law Report*!

Every member of polished society is amenable to this species of castigation. We hear of Cornets selling out, to fight their Colonels, and *cadets* calling out *reviewing generals*. Sometimes a duel ends in a *paper war*, and yet makes as great a noise in the world, as the battle of Marengo. At others the parties fly to arms, rush to the combat, and one of them falls, without the least *credit* to himself or to the *survivor*.

This *rational* mode of deciding *little* differences, is so countenanced and encouraged in *civil* society, that some men of *superior* minds make it their study, and by repeated, and persevering trials, become so expert with the trigger, that, as Mercutio says, "they may be considered the very butchers of a silk button." Repeated rehearsals at the bull's eye, enable them very soon to hit any eye, or any given point, with the nicest accuracy, so that they become almost as useful in the world, as the inventor of gun-powder. The fair sex, who have long, and often, quickened the *sparks* of poetic fire, have frequently, by their flinty hearts, brought fire from the pistol of the Duellist : Indeed many ladies are so proud of being



fought for, and withhold their "slow consent" so long, that most of their admirers being killed off in the service, they at length are left forlorn, to enjoy all the *horrors* of a single life, and protracted virginity. But as Simkin says, "there are no folks so mad as those who run mad for love."!!! This unaccountable infatuation is now more prevalent than ever, and takes such possession of the mind, that some of the wisest men, and even ministers of state have had recourse to this signal mode of settling differences and of identifying, and fixing the

"TRUE POINT OF HONOR."

## Dissertation XI.

## THE PLEASURES OF POLITICS,

POPULARLY EXEMPLIFIED.

THERE is no one axiom in the system of moral legislation, more unequivocally, and universally admitted, than that *self-preservation* is the *first* law of nature, and though the *second* law has never yet been precisely defined, we are convinced that it will be found to consist in *self-gratification*. This same *self* is an ostentatious sort of a being, and contrives to force his way into every walk of civilized society. He is generally seen very conspicuously in all public actions, and private deeds; and though he often *pretends* to be wholly influenced in behalf of a dear friend, a laudable charity, or to mitigate crying calamity, yet it may be easily seen that *self* is at the bottom. Of so tyrannical a disposition is this *self-same* governor of the universe, that he has established a large standing army to vindicate his pretensions, and uphold his *selfish* power. His prime minister, *self-conceit*,

like some other prime ministers, is rather dogmatical in opinion, immoderately ambitious, and scorns to give a reason for what he does. His plans and arguments he insists, are *self-evident*, and to question them is downright audacity. So completely *self-sufficient* is he that he has persuaded himself all his own schemes are infallible. Unrestrained by pity, remorse, or humanity, this tyrant has been known, when embodied in the shape of a commander, to murder thousands of his prisoners, or his own soldiers that appeared to check the career of his madly ambitious projects. As diversified as are the manifold conditions and states of human life, and as varied as the proteus appearances of man, are the habits and forms, in which this *self-moving* being may be traced. But it may be remarked that he is only a nuisance in society, when *self-love* so preponderates in all his actions, as to sacrifice every moral and rational consideration at its shrine. When he seeks gratification through the medium of doing public good, and administers to his own felicity in dispensing the same to his friends, neighbours, and the world around him, (for most men's world is circumscribed by a few miles. See Sterne.) he then becomes a praiseworthy, and honorable member of society, and

may truly be said to cultivate the *Pleasures of Human Life*.

Though nine tenths of mankind are solely, or principally actuated by *self-interest* yet there are *some* persons who *seem* to be disinterestedly devoted to the public good. In advancing this, they *declare* that they'll exert every nerve, and even sacrifice their lives ; but Patriotism is now a sort of obsolete term, and is therefore never assumed but by the weak headed, or wicked hearted. The one from ignorance of the world, and the other from knowing *too much* of it. Instead of patriotism POLITICS has long been the rage ; and as this science has such an unbounded ascendancy over the minds of Englishmen, and since they will cheerfully relinquish any, and every other subject, for the sake of prattling on politics, we may fairly exclaim in the words of Quidnunc,

*"How are we ruined !"*

In the voluminous annals of John Bull's life, there is no one circumstance that makes a more prominent feature ; for there appears to be nothing that afforded him so much exercise and

delight: yet some persons have strangely pronounced it a *misery*; however, the "evidence of facts" will fully confute this assertion; for if it produced them misery, or mental trouble, would all classes and conditions of men voluntarily engage in it, with so much ardour, and *honest* zeal. Would the cobbler quit his *last* and neglect his *awl*, merely to quarrel about the state of the nation? Would the butcher forsake his well stocked shop, and gormandizing customers, to join in the tap-room controversy, and instead of cutting up beef steaks, employ most of his time in *cutting up ministers*? Would the poulterer renounce plucking a pullet, for the sake of plucking the premier? And would men of family and fortune neglect their domestic comforts and rural pleasures, for the sake of sitting in the house of Commons *all night*? These, and many other occurrences plainly prove that politics have most *marvellous* attractions; and though the latter class of persons may be tempted to watch *all night* in a certain house, for the purpose of looking after "*loaves and fishes*," this cannot be said to be the motive of the

cobler,\* the butcher, or the poulterer. Indeed all descriptions of Englishmen, from the peer to the porter, and from the bishop to the beggar, seem to look upon politics as the *primum mobile* of life—the elixir vitæ—the sovereign balsam of felicity, and the grand restorative cordial for all disorders.

“I saw a Smith stand with his hammer thus,  
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
With open mouth, swallowing a Taylor’s news, &c.”

SHAKSPEARE.

The full exercise of his political opinions, is what every British subject considers, as the most essential privilege of freedom; whence we are completely a nation of politicians. Time

\* “The Cobler, good soul says our *all* must soon end,  
And be worn out at *last*, unless matters should *mend*.  
The doctor conceives to despair there’s no call,  
Let *him* physick our foes, and he’ll soon kill *them all*.  
The blacksmith, he swallows the taylor’s news  
And *forges supplies*, as old Dobbin he shoes,  
He *blows up* the authors of Englishmen’s wrongs,  
And says we must go at it hammer and tongs.”

T. DIBDIN.

immemorial this has been our most striking characteristic, and this national propensity is so well known, that politics is the first, almost the only topic on which a foreigner thinks of addressing an Englishman.

What a happy, yet harmless privilege is this ! And how judicious on the part of government thus to indulge us ! For as men are much more addicted to talking than *acting*, so long as they are allowed to analyze the conduct, and censure the malversation of statesmen, the latter may manage public affairs just as they please.

Judging therefore, from the prevalence of this propensity, that it is a great source of pleasure, we ought not to be surprised that the science of politics is so sedulously cultivated by our countrymen ; as it is certainly purchasing happiness on very moderate terms. What a satisfaction, for instance, must it be to a taylor, that though he be poor, yet he can settle the affairs of state, can new model armies, appoint officers, and dispose of the national force—in *imagination*. And, though he may *growl* at taxation, yet he can with impunity, censure those who levy taxes.



As for our coffee-houses, all the business of the nation is transacted there, long before it makes its way into the cabinet. It is related of the late Mr. Pitt, that, being called on one morning by a friend, who asked him, a-la-mode anglois, "what news?" the Premier replied, that he could not tell, as he had not yet seen the *newspapers*! Thus was the source, the very fountain head of political intelligence, absolutely dried up, till the flood of information reached it through the channel of the diurnal publications. Many a young merchant neglects his business at the counting-house, that he may have the *pleasure* of hearing himself talk, lay down the law, and settle the affairs of state, at Tom's, Lloyd's, or Batson's coffee-house.

The language of parliament and politics, has made its way into most private houses, and the whole of our domestic affairs is conducted in the style of the senate. If a toast be proposed after dinner, it is put to the vote, and carried *nem. con.* else the speaker is obliged to leave the chair. Does a lady or gentleman begin to tell a story, or relate an anecdote, a cry of *hear! hear!* or *chair! chair!* is vociferated from every

part of the room, and if a man *presumes* to sneeze, or cough, he is immediately called to *order*. It is true these things do not come strictly under the head of politics, but they are ramifications from the parent stock.

Since then, an Englishman looks upon politics as his birth-right, and finds such infinite enjoyment in discussing the merits of ministers, and settling the legislature of kingdoms: Since it is his cordial for low spirits, his restorative in times of debilitated lassitude, and the modifier of his crude and volatile humours, it would appear cruel to deprive him of it. It would be a sort of Pitt-ish tyranny to gag him, and thereby lay an embargo on the import and export of his favourite traffic. Of all the cruelly oppressive acts of the Pitt-ite government, there was none more seriously felt, bitterly deplored, and universally execrated, by the *redoubted politicians*, than the two bills vulgarly called the "*gagging-acts*." These produced, in some minds, the varied emotions of scorn, contempt, hatred, pity, despair, despondency, and hope: though the number of politicians was small, who viewed them under the cheering influence of the latter senti-

ment. Previous to this epocha, *Debating Societies* were established all over London: and then we had political Ciceroes and Demosthenes *holding forth* in every club and institution. Among all the eminent characters of that period, we have heard of no one who has advanced himself so much in life and respectability as MR. THELWALL. This gentleman, who once scattered his "*pearls*" of eloquence before the "*Swinish*" multitude, is now most laudably and honorably employed in delivering lectures on oratory, rhetoric, &c. at his house in Bedford-place, Russel-square.

There are various sorts of Politicians, but the two great divisions may be styled the desponding, or croaking, and the confidant, or braggadocio. Of the first class is the man who sees nothing but storms always gathering in the political horizon; and every time he hears the newsman's horn, he thinks it the last trumpet. Whenever he opens one of our daily journals, he expects, or hopes, to read of an earthquake, a battle, a conflagration, or a shipwreck. Nothing can realize his expectations or satisfy his

wishes, but a calamity ! Such a person is a pest in society, and may be said to go about, like *Blight* in the pantomime, blasting with malignant breath every bud and flower with which he comes in contact.

The confident politician, or political braggadocio, is a person, who, though equally liable to err, is less intolerable than the former. The one sees nothing but “ moving accidents ;” the other nothing but triumph and success. Each deviates too far from the middle way, to be long in the right road ; and as one must be generally detested for his dismality, the other will prove a mere *laughing*-stock to the more rational part of mankind.

Though politics frequently produce friendly associations, it also dissolves the closest ties of friendship ; for so intolerant is party spirit, that it often detests and despises the man of different political principles. How absurd and irrational to see two private friends, who, perhaps, were schoolfellows and grew up together, become the most inveterate enemies in conse-

quence of differing in opinion on subjects in which neither can be *personally* interested, and on pending questions, the fate of which involves nothing that should give them the slightest concern. We have known two friends, who had not only the highest regard originally for each other, but the greatest admiration for their mutual talents, (both being men of genius) who, through some unfortunate difference in their political opinions, now hate each other like sin and death; and though they still perform in the farce of Friendship, and visit and meet each other frequently, it is palpably evident that they are not now at their ease in the same room together! So much for politics! Surely there must be some secret infatuation, some talismanic influence, which can so bereave men of their reason, and deaden or destroy their reflection.

Many books have been written for the avowed purpose of reprobating absurdity and correcting vice, but with little or no effect. Few of these have had the influence of Don Quixote, and few authors the pleasure of Cervantes; for he lived to see the happy *effects* of his

satire in correcting the predominating absurdity of his countrymen and contemporaries.\*

Though this propensity to politics pervades the whole nation, yet it does not fasten with equal inveteracy on every class of the community. Taylors are always very temperate in their political opinions; but shoe-makers, hair-dressers, and cobblers, are generally great statesmen. Manufacturing towns are always well-stocked hives of politicians, and these sometimes carry their discussions to such lengths, that they are often on the point of taking the executive government into their own hands.

Mr. ———, an old gentleman, and notorious politician of Dublin, was so very impatient for *early* intelligence, that whenever ad-

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\*The romance of Don Quixote was written for the avowed purpose of *putting down* knight-errantry, which was the prevailing *rage* in Spain when that work was published; and its influence in correcting, or rather destroying this folly, is a signal instance of the happy effects of lively satire operating on a sensible and thinking people.

verse winds retarded or prevented the arrival of the English packets, he sagaciously concluded that the very wind which prevented their sailing to Ireland, would waft him over to the English coast. He therefore struck at the root of the evil, and, whenever *Eolus* or *Boreas* withheld the *supplies*, he took the outward-bound packet, and sailed over to Holyhead or Liverpool, to *read the papers*.

But the Jermyn-street shoemaker was the most *finished* martyr at the shrine of politics. This infatuated man had for some years conducted a respectable and thriving business, and having paid that attention to his concerns which every man ought, he amassed considerable property. Feeling this, for who does not feel the importance of wealth, he began to relax in his attention to the shop, and indulge his political propensities. Instead, therefore, of studying his *own* ledger, he looked more into the *Public LEDGER*; and instead of cutting out work for his journeymen, he was continually cutting out work for our generals and admirals. It was easy to foresee that this would not *end* well, and the consequence justified the supposition;



for, in a few years, he lost his *all*, and became a cobbler at *last*.

Goldsmith records of Burke, that

“ Though born for the universe, he narrow’d his mind,  
And to Party gave up what was meant for mankind.”

But here, the case was reversed, as

Our political fop  
Gave up to *mankind* what was meant for the shop.

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ANALYTICAL AND EXPLICATORY

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## POSTSCRIPT.

INDEED, Mr. CRITIC, and so you have detected a grand error;—A palpable imposition, you say? A trick, or take-in; Well, well, scold away—for as we have conscientiously fulfilled all the *promises* of our title-page, we are determined that your most fastidious cavillings shall neither disturb our domestic tranquillity, nor disfigure our cheerful countenances.—You say that Eleven do not constitute a Dozen; and therefore you are abridged of *one* Dissertation. Please to count them again, and you will find DISSERTATION XII. at the head of Contents, and between you and us, we are inclined to think that this will be as much read as any other portion of the present work.

We had prepared several other Dissertations, or Essays, but forbear printing any more till we have ascertained the effect of this volume; for should the preceding sentiments be disrelished by the majority of readers, they, as well as the writers, will derive some consolation in reflecting, that instead of two, three, or four volumes, they have all their *offending* “*pleasures*” confined to one. Among the subjects descanted on in the unpublished dissertations, are those in the following list.

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*Printed by J. M'Creery,*  
*(Late of Liverpool)*

*Black Horse-Court, Fleet-Street, London.*



